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THE
BOX-LOBBY CHALLENGE,
A COMEDY.

As performed at the
THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

WRITTEN BY

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

NOS HÆC NOVIMUS ESSE NIHIL.

L O N D O N:
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THE

ROYAL CHINESE

N. C. M. D. I.

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PROLOGUE.

Written by the Hon. FRANCIS NORTH.

AS some fond father, who a bantling rears,
Feels nought but pleasure in his tender years;
His tricks at school, and all the pranks he plays,
E'en the boy's foibles then excite his praise.
A little spirit well becomes a youth;
Jack, though unlucky, always speaks the truth.
But when arriv'd at a maturer age,
He launches Jackey upon life's great stage:
With joy elate, with anxious fears deprest,
What hopes and horrors fill a parent's breast!
E'er yet he dares to cast the dangerous die,
And shew his darling to the public eye,
The hopes of all his future joy he sends,
To visit some, *he knows* to be his friends:
Surly exclaims, eat up with gout and spleen,
The stripling's well enough, but much too lean;
He'll be short liv'd, he has his mother's cough,
A galloping consumption took her off.
Is this Sir Jacob's son? Old *Toothless* cries,
The boy is of a most alarming size:
Such o'ergrown monsters never can be strong;
Don't tell his father, but he can't live long.
So when the bard at first prepares his play,
His heart beats high, and all his prospects gay:
'Tis done, 'tis done, the enraptured poet cries,
The labour's over, I shall grasp the prize;
Snarler, upon whose word I can depend;
Snarler, shall see it, he's indeed a friend.
How do you like my piece?—good critic say?
Nay do not flatter; don't you like the play?
Why yes, Sir,—eh—the thing is well enough;
Is it not good? Humph, yes—what cursed stuff!
I think, my friend, the play-house will be cramm'd!
I think so too—and think your play 'll be damn'd.

At

At length the night, the awful night ensues,
 Fatal to many an offspring of the muse :
 The father bids his fancy's child appear,
 And hopes to meet no friendly snarler here ;
 Moral his boy, if entertaining too,
 His fortune's fairly made when judg'd by you.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GEORGE WATERLAND,		Mr. CAULFIELD.
CAPTAIN WATERLAND,		Mr. BARRYMORE.
Sir TOBY GRAMPUS,		Mr. AICKIN,
'SQUIRE ROBERT,	—	Mr. SUETT.
OLD CROTCHET,	—	Mr. BADDELLEY.
JACK CROTCHET,	—	Mr. BANNISTER, Junr.
FULSOME,	— —	Mr. BLAND.
JONES,	— —	Mr. MADDOCKS.
JOE,	— —	Mr. BENSON.
WAITER at the HOTEL,		Mr. COOKÈ.
HAIR-DRESSER,	—	Mr. WALDRON, Junr.
LADY JANE DANVERS,	—	Mrs. GIBBS.
DIANA GRAMPUS,	—	Mrs. HARLOWE.
LÆTITIA RAYNER,	—	Mrs. GOODALL.
THEODOSIA, Wife to CROTCHET,		Mrs. HOPKINS.
LINDAMIRA,	— —	Miss DE CAMP.

SCENE—London.

T H E

BOX - LOBBY CHALLENGE.

A C O M E D Y.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Back Room to a Printer's Office, CROTCHET with a Table before him in his Chair reading. THEODOSIA enters from the Side.

CROTCHET, THEODOSIA.

Theod. **N**OBODY in the office? Nobody to tend the trade? Mr. Crotchet, what are you about?

Crotch. Reading.

Theod. Is that a printer's business?

Crotch. No, but what can I do with my authors? No one else reads them, so I must.

Theod. Get a fresh set, and clear away your old hack-nies; they are crippled, founder'd, work'd off their legs—

Crotch. And starv'd, Has *Fulsome* call'd with his dedication?

Theod. No.

Crotch. Must the press stand still till that fellow's mud deposits? What did *Slang* want in the office?

Theod. Credit for a quire of foolscap.

Crotch. You didn't give it him?

Theod. Who had been the fool then? Where's our Jacky?

B

Crotch

Crotch. Up all night, abed all morning ; a whelp, a blockhead as he is. I thought to have made a great man of him, and educated him accordingly. I set him out in the world as printer's devil to one of the first presses in the capital.

Theod. And a pretty devil he has been ever since.

Crotch. I then gave him a spell with our neighbour the rag-merchant, at next door.

Theod. What could he learn there ?

Crotch. What could he learn ? the elements of his trade, the embryo of all good writing before it goes to the paper-mill. He might have studied letters at the foundry itself, and the most valuable part of the chief libraries in the kingdom at the bookbinders : Nobody can say I baulk'd Jack in his education.

Theod. Why didn't you give him some grammar-school learning ?

Crotch. What good had that done him ? Learning only cramps the genius, and grammar does but cripple the stile : Give me an author of a free clear mind. Why isn't he up in his cock-loft now with pen an ink ? There's fresh air that would help his fancy. There he might court the muses and the graces.

Theod. Instead of which he courts them in the streets to the music of the watchman's rattle.

Crotch. It seems then that he makes some noise in the world.

Theod. By the way, husband, what is this new work of Fulsome's which you are printing ?

Crotch. A Treatise on Education.

Theod. Has that fellow any wit ?

Crotch. He has cunning, which is cousin-german to it. Fulsome was usher to a country school, he married the *femme de chambre* of a rich dowager, who took him into her family, and made him bear-leader to her booby son ; he danc'd him a tour thro' Europe, and publish'd it in two quarto volumes at his return, pirated from the journals of other travellers, and stuffed with drawings of temples, bridges, aqueducts and amphitheatres, most of which he had never seen, and none of which he had ever examin'd : The book sold, and with the profits of that and a small pension Fulsome makes a shift to live.

Theod

A COMEDY.

Theod. Enough ! I see him entering the office.

Enter FULSOME.

FULSOME, CROTCHET, THEODOSIA.

Ful. I kiss your hands, worthy Mr. Crotchet ; I pray you lay me at the feet of your amiable spouse.

Crotch. Compliments apart, let us to business.—Where's your Dedication of the Treatise ?

Ful. In the hands of the Dedicatee, Mrs. or Miss Diana Grampus, I protest I know not by which title to address her, for she is a virgin in the bloom of half an hundred ; vain, rich, pedantic, and not a little partial to your humble servant.

Crotch. But what is this to our business ?

Ful. Patience, *padrone mio* ! it is to your business : in the first place you must think a Dedication of this sort, where all the virtues, not to be found in her character, are to be hammer'd out of my brain, is no perfunctory job : in the next I must tell you, that I have an interest in Di Grampus, on which I mean to found a project for making the fortune of a friend of mine.

Crotch. Meaning yourself, I suppose. *(aside)*

Ful. My heroine has a nephew, the only son of Sir Toby Grampus, now coming to town for the purpose of putting this uneducated cub under her protection : I have recommended the tour of Italy, and the proposal takes.

Crotch. So you're going to lead another bear round the world.

Ful. Not so, my travels are finished, and I have made over my interest to your son John.

Crotch. My son ! my son Jack a travelling tutor !

Theod. And why not, Mr. Crotchet ?

Crotch. Because I think his travels point to a quarter where few young gentlemen go for education.

Ful. Don't be discouraged ; I hold it for an axiom, that every man is fit for every thing he can get. John is giddy to be sure, but with a few of my instructions he will pass : He does not want address.

Crotch. Call it impudence, and you are right.

Theod. For shame, husband ; he has no more impudence

than a man of fashion should have. I wish indeed he had the languages.

Ful. Why that, perhaps, that wou'd be well if he had ; but I hope it will be got over—a foreign lacquey, must supply that defect : If he is ignorant of the living languages we must puff him the more for his knowledge of the dead ones.

Crotch. Dead ones indeed, and dead they will remain for ever, if they wait for his bringing them to life.

Ful. Why, surely he had an university education.

Crotch. You are laughing at me, methinks ; you know well enough what education he has had.

Ful. True, true, as you say, my zeal there went a little too far, for I told Mrs. Diana he was a scholar of the first class at Cambridge, carried all the prizes, all the medals ; it was an error on the right side, for she believes it, and it is not our business to undeceive her : We must stand by what we have said. But where is he all this while ?

Crotch. Where he always is till noon ; fast asleep.

Ful. Let him take his nap out. Send him to me as soon as he is drest : let him come to my lodgings ; I'll give him his cue and carry him to Di Grampus, where I warrant you we will clinch the business. Good morning to you ! I shall expect him about noon. *(Exit.*

CROTCHET, THEODOSIA.

Crotch. The fellow's mad.

Theod. You are, methinks, to stand in the way of your son's preferment.

Crotch. Jack Crotch a travelling tutor ! Was there ever such a chimera ?

Theod. Many such, and successful ones. Our Jack has a good deal of ready wit, knows the world, has no false modesty, and with good cloaths on his back is a personable fellow : Who is more likely to make his fortune among ladies of a certain cast ?

Crotch. Egad, Theodosia, thou hast struck the only flint that has any fire in it. I begin to think better of the project than I did. Call him up, however ; call him up : We can soon rig him out from the warehouse.

Theod. Why, Jacky ; Jacky, I say—Jacky Crotch !

Enter

Enter JACK, in total dishabille.

JACK, CROTCHET, THEODOSIA.

Jack. What's the matter with you ? here am I, set me a chair, mother ! (*yawns and stretches, begins to tie up his garters, and button his cloaths.*) What a bawling you make ! Cats and creaking hinges cannot jar my nerves more insufferably than your Jackey, Jackey ! vulgar, puerile, gross—leave off that familiarity.

Crotch. Where have you been, firrah, to be thus be-devil'd ?

Jack. Kept it up—prime spirits—best of company—

Theod. What a figure you have made of yourself ! why your coat-lappet is all over dirt.

Jack. Yes, the gentleman's shoes were not over-clean that made free with it.

Crotch. You have been kickt, have you ?

Jack. Box-lobby quarrel, nothing more, gave him my card—never put up with an affront, damme.

Crotch. What do you mean by your card ?

Jack. Sword and Pistol.

Crotch. Zooks ! we shall have a duel in the house.

Jack. No, no, no, you wont ; there'll be no duel, unless the gentleman, whose name is on the ticket, chuses to fight—always make free with a friend on those occasions.—Borrow'd this frock-suit—found the owner's ticket in the waistcoat pocket—carried it off with spirit—left the house with a high hand—foot slipt, tumbled over a fruit-woman—sav'd half-price, and pocketed three oranges in the scramble.

Crotch. You'll scramble to the gallows.

Jack. You think so—differ from you, much doubt if I shall reach the pillory, and that will be a falling-off in the family ; one step lower in the scale than my predecessor.

Crotch. Rasca !, who told you that I have been in the pillory ?

Jack. A long-ear'd goddess, gossip Fame, says you had so many eggs for breakfast, you've never had a stomach for an omlet since.

Crotch. Get out of my presence, or I'll send this volume at your head.

Jack. Better let that alone ; you have had enough of pelting, methinks.

Theod.

Theod. Fie upon you, Jackey, treat your father with more respect.

Crotch. A miscreant, a reprobate, to talk to me in such a stile—I give him up; I'll have nothing more to say to him; I cou'd have made the fellow's fortune for him, but I would not step across the gutter to save him from a gibbet.
[Exit.]

THEODOSIA, JACK.

Theod. There, there! now you've ruin'd all. Such an offer, such a lucky hit—do but hear reason, and I'll stand your friend still.

Jack. Well, well, I will hear reason—but he was set in the Pillory, was'nt he?

Theod. Prythee, what is that to the purpose? Here has been Mr. Fulsome here, who has recommended you to Mrs. Diana Grampus to travel with her nephew.

Jack. Diana Grampus! what sort of a fish is she?

Theod. A fish do you call her? she's as rich as a jewess, and her nephew is son and heir to Sir Toby Grampus, a man of great estate.

Jack. How old is Diana?

Theod. About fifty.

Jack. An antiquated goddess of fifty: Damme, I'll make up to her.

Theod. How you rattle! mind your own interest, and make up to dame fortune.

Jack. No, I'll attack Diana of Ephesus, and set fire to her temple;—well, but after all, mother, he was in the pillory; confess.

Theod. Hold your tongue about the pillory, and get some decent clothes on your back; I'll provide them for you. Come, set about dressing yourself, there's no time to be lost. You must call upon Fulsome at his lodgings, and he will carry you to the lady patroness.

Jack. Well, well, get me something for my breakfast in the first place: Send for a fellow to pinch these hang-dogs into buckle, get me a fashionable suit, and I will fall forth to the chace of Diana: Rat me if I think any old girl of fifty can withstand me.

Theod. Now, Jack, now is your time; if you will but mind your hits and follow the instructions Mr. Fulsome shall give you: Dont be rhodomontading in your idle way to
expose

expose yourself to the lady, who will be sure to find you out. Put on a grave appearance before her, and leave the rest to your friend: All you have for it is to look wise and keep silence.

Jack. Say no more, say no more; get my breakfast, set my things to dress, and I'll be with you.

Theod. Well then, I'll about it. [going]

Jack. Hold! a word with you; before I stir a foot from this place tell me in plain truth whether the old boy was set in the pillory, aye or no.

Theod. Obstinate, perverse!—I tell you then he was—now be content, [exit.]

Jack. That's enough—he was in the pillory. Oh! that I had been in the way to have seen him! I am glad I know the truth: I have a fine pull upon him: he has'nt heard the last of it I can tell him.—Oho! Lindamira—

Enter LINDAMIRA.

LINDAMIRA, JACK CROTCHET.

Linda. So, rattlebrain, what's the news with you? From what watch-house, night-stall, or cyder-cellar have you redeem'd that dirty dissipated person of your's to put to shame the modest eye of day.

Jack. The modest eye of day! From what conceited, canting, coxcomby, drab-compos'd novel have you filch'd that silly phrase?

Linda. I filch from none; my phrases are original, my scenes are Nature's self, my stile Pactolus rolling over golden sands. Here is my manuscript; a novel, picturesque, descriptive.—Salvator, Claude, Poussin, Vernet, may blush to see themselves out done: My sun, moon, stars; my mountains, hills, vales, rivers, lakes; my woods, heaths rocks and ruins, are not dawblings upon canvas, but all embroidered upon cloth of gold.

Jack. I would not give you one farthing for the sum total of them; I abominate descriptions. Have you nature, humour, wit, character? Is your hero a man or a monster? Your heroine a woman or an angel? Do your people make love, Lindy, as you and I have made it, according to the rules of flesh and blood; or as Sylphs and Sylphines do out of æther and gas.

Linda.

Linda. Read and reform :

Jack. Why should I do that which my author does not ? but come, since you are so zealous for my reformation, bring your novel with you up stairs, and you shall read it to me whilst I dress,

Linda. Tis to the toilet of the ladies, not of the men, my compositions are address'd.

Jack. Well, and I will carry it to the toilette of the ladies : let me have a sample of it, and I'll lay you into old Di Grampus for a dedication.

Linda. Diana Grampus ! the very lady I am going to, the first patroness to a dedication in all England. How came you to know her ?

Jack. Know her, child ! I'm going to be married to her.

Linda. Oh you monster ! you villain ! have you forgot your vows, your promises to me ?

Jack. What's a coming now ? Gentle novelist, ruffle not the sweet serenity of your soul ! Imitate your own heroine :—

Soft as the dew-drop on the blushing rose,
The pearly tear shall trickle down your nose.

Linda. My nose ! you fool, my cheek you should have said.

Jack. Yes, but cheek would not rhyme to rose—so come along, for I have no time to lose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes.

A Room in an Hotel. A Waiter passes over the Stage ;
JOE follows, carrying his Master's cloaths.

Joe. Harkye, you boy ! skip-jack ! tapster !

Waiter. What do you want, Clodpole ? is that your way of speaking to a waiter ? I fancy you have been more accustomed to alehouses than hotels.

Joe. Oho ! you call your house an hotel, and yourself a waiter—very well ! then pray Mr. Waiter of an hotel, send me hither one of your barbers to comb out Sir Toby Grampus's perriwig.—Do you understand that ?

Waiter.

Waiter. I'll send you a hair-dresser, we don't call 'em barbers, unless we mean to affront 'em. Where the plague have you liv'd. [exit]

Joe. So, so! here's a new language to learn; a man's mother-tongue I perceive is of no use in this place.

Enter HAIR-DRESSER.

Your humble servant, Sir! pray what am I to call you?

Hair-dresser. Did'nt you send for a hair dresser? where is the gentleman that wants to be dress'd?

Joe. There; there he is, upon that block.

Hair-dresser. This! this! who does this belong to?

Joe. To my master. Whilst I am brushing his coat, you will amuse yourself with combing out his perriwig.

Hair-dresser. Dam'mee! if I woud'nt as soon comb out the tower lyons, as this rum gig of a caxen.

Joe. Rum gig of a caxen! what's that?

Hair dresser. Why 'tis a second edition of Sir Cloudestly Shovel in the tombs. Your master will look for all the world like King Charles in the oak with his bush at his back, brother Brush.

Joe. Brother Brush! that's not my name; my name is Joe Thresher; I have lived by that name and none other in Sir Toby Grampus's service these thirty years come next Lammas.

Hair-dresser. Very right, very right! the thresher you know naturally follows the whale; and which now is of the longest standing in the family, you, or that damn'd old quiz of a coat you are dusting?

Joe. Damn'd old quiz of a coat! what a graceless reprobate you are! Damme, how you barbers swear! where do you expect to go?

Hair-dresser. Half the town over before night, then to my girl and my bottle. As for your wig, comb it those that like, I'll not touch a bristle of it. [exit]

Joe. Come in, Master Bobby, come in.

[Squire Robert looks in.]

SQUIRE ROBERT, JOE.

Squire. Ah, Joey, my hearty fellow; where's old dad? not bolted yet?

C

Joe.

Joe. No, no, but I look for him every moment: Prith, Squire, do you mean to go in that trim to Madam Diana's? They say she's main proud, and has a world of fine quality folks at her house; she'll turn up her nose at you in that bumpkin jacket.

Squire. If she don't like the bumpkin as he is, she may leave him; dost think I'll cut my jacket to her cloth? not I; I'll not wear a tail where my head grows for her or any body.

Joe. But what will you say when the pretty Misses come to jeer and flout, and call you country putt and the like? You'll be spruc'd and powder'd out I warrant me with the best of 'em before many days are over your head. I do hear it said, Squire, (but that's between you and me) that Madam Di means to send you out upon a progress into foreign parts beyond seas.

Squire. With all my heart, I love to be moving; all places are alike to me.

Joe. Why that's honest; to be sure 'tis a fine thing to travel from place to place, and see strange sights, and live amongst wild men and wild beasts, lions and tygers and mountain cats, as some gentlemen tell us of.

Squire. See 'em Joe! by the living I'll see 'em and eat 'em too.

Joe. Do, master Bobby; if you love me, do eat a lion.

Squire. I will, I'll eat him raw, and hash the snout of an elephant in a rhinoceros's shell.

Joe. Oh rare!

Squire. Why I tell you I have been with the rhinoceros this very morning, on purpose to make acquaintance with him before we met in his own country. A civil obliging gentleman, show'd me the way, but in his hurry I suspect he mistook my pocket for his own, for I've left my purse, watch, and handkerchief behind me; nothing remains in my pocket but three golden pippins, which I suppose were not to his liking.

[Enter

Enter Sir TOBY GRAMPUS in his Night Gown and Cap.

SIR TOBY, SQUIRE ROBERT, JOE.

Sir Toby. What's a clock, Joe?

Joe. Close upon noon—your honor never lies so long in the country.

Sir Toby. Nor sleep so little;—such a bawling crew of watchmen; they may be well call'd guardians of the night, for they take care nobody shall fall asleep in it—but come, we must bustle; sister Di will be expecting us—Ah Bob! I did not see thee.

Squire. Honor'd father, I beg your blessing, [*kneels.*

Sir Toby. Bless you, bless you, my boy, and make you a good man, and an honour to your family!—Help me on with my coat, Joe! you must stick tight to it now, Bob, and buckle to your business, and attend to your masters.

Squire. Oh yes, father, you know I had made some progress before I left home; I cou'd compass a tune or two upon the French horn, and handle the quarter-staff pretty smartly.

Sir Toby. Pooh, pooh, mun, you must think of other matters than french-horns and quarter-staffs—give me my wig.

Squire. Why, is'nt Grandfather painted with a French horn across his shoulder in the hunting parlour at home? and who was so famous at the quarter-staff as uncle Robert? His name is up I'm sure in Monmouthshire, and how should I be an honour to my family if I dont keep up to the spirit of it?

Sir Toby. Yes, yes, but times are alter'd, Bob, times are alter'd—Why, Sirrah, you have not comb'd this wig out of buckle.

Joe. Please your honour, here was a prig of a barber came to dress it, who swore, damn him, he'd as soon comb the lions in the Tower: he wouldn't touch a bristle of it—never heard such a reprobate in my days.

Sir Toby. Oh, that I had the knave in Monmouthshire, I'd make him sing another tune!—But what was I saying to you, Bob? Aye, this it was—Times are not as they were, my lad; the good days are over; plain folks are not thought

thought of, and landed gentlemen are little valued but for rearing stock and sowing turnips ; fine folks now carry no horns across their shoulders, they wear them in other places. A country gentleman of a good estate in your grandfather's time, and a baronet, as he was, wou'dn't have troubled his head with Greek and Latin, and laws and politics, farther than opposing the minister right or wrong, he car'd not which ; for why ? because he knew it was for the good of his country.

Squire. Very true, father, that comes of course.

Sir Toby. But now, do you see, they will have a reason for every thing, aye, and oftentimes so many reasons for the same thing, that the plain truth is puzzled by their proving it. In old times every body sat silent in company with their superiors, nobody spoke till they were spoken to ; no tongue was heard at the table but the master's of it ; now they are all talkers and no hearers, such a gabble and a din ; every priggish puppy gives his puppy opinion.

Squire. Very true, father, and so long-winded, that it sets me yawning. *(yawns.)*

Sir Toby. This being the case, Bob, it's high time for the old families to look about 'em ; a true Grampus must not let the small fry get over his head ; therefore, you see, that you may be able to keep pace with the world as it goes, and not to be thrown out of the talk, or made to take every thing upon trust that people choose to talk about, but see with your own eyes and judge for yourself, I propose, by your aunt's advice, to send you forth upon your travels ; and as you have shewn such a talent for music, by your performances on the horn, you shall start for Italy.

Squire. And what shall I see there, father ?

Sir Toby. See ! why you'll see the Pope of Rome, and the twelve Cæsars, and the naked Venus, and Saint Peter's church, and the burning mountains, and all those sort of things.

Joe. Oh, good your honour, let master Bobby go see the crocodiles, and the pyramids, and the rhinoceroses, all alive in their own country.

Squire. Yes, pray do ; I may see them at a cheaper rate there than I can here, and I have a mighty liking for wild beasts.

Sir Toby. Boy, thou shalt see every thing, and that you may't

may'st do nothing at second hand and by halves, I will have thee go to the very head of the Nile, and drink of the spring that waters the whole realm of Pharoah.

Squire. Enough said, father. I shan't seek to go any further, especially if I meet with no better entertainment; I shall then be well content to come back into Monmouthshire, where I can drink out of a cellar, which for my part I prefer to all the springs in the creation.

Joe. All the world to nothing.: There you are right, Master Bobby.

Squire. Let me only have a good companion to drink with me by the way, and not one of your bushy-wig'd bear-leaders, with a sour temper and a solemn face.

Sir Toby. Never fear that, lad; thou shalt have no pedagogue nor parson, to travel with his school books in his pocket, and rummage old walls for inscriptions, and hunt after tombs. What is it to thee, who never read a line of Virgil, where he lies buried? Thy companion shall be a man of fashion, prudent but chearful, cautious yet good-humour'd; moral but not austere; one that has read men more than books, and knows the world, not by the map and the globe, but by observation and experience. Such an one I hope to find of sister Di's providing, so let us lose no time but set forward. Joe tell the people to call us a coach.

(Exeunt.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

GEORGE WATERLAND discovered sitting; his
Servant JONES attending.

Jones. Captain Waterland is below, Sir, and wishes to see you.

George. I can't see Capt. Waterland; I can see nobody. Did not you tell him how ill I am?

Jones. I told him you was somewhat indispos'd.

George.

George. Is that all? Can you look in my face, and see the havock that disease is making, and only say I'm somewhat indisposed;

Jones. Upon my word, Sir, there are no symptoms of disease in your countenance that I can discover.

George. None that you can understand I dare say, Jones; therefore let my brother up, only caution him against noise: I must not be hurried. *[Exit Jones.]*

There is nothing I more dread than Harry Waterland's boist'rous spirits, they bear him up and crush me. Oh! how this younger brother of mine puts me down in all opinions! There's Lady Jane Danvers, tho' our marriage writings wait the signing,—takes no pains to conceal the preference she gives him over me:—he has the smile, the jest, the whispers, the familiar playful raillery; I have the graver moments, the dull yawning formalities, that seem a task of compliment—there is my malady; that's a disease for which there is no remedy.

Enter Capt. WATERLAND

Capt. Wat. Heyday, brother George, what's the matter now? Is this a time to be sick, when you are on the point of marrying the finest woman in England?

George. You think her such I dare say; but if you love me Harry, do not speak so loud, nor tread so heavy; noises rack my brain.

Capt. Wat. I'll take care; but I hope you are not really indispos'd, only a little tremulous, perhaps, as the moment of your bliss approaches; were I in your case, George, my nervous system would not be a whit less unquiet than your's.

George. Very likely; you are an admirer of Lady Jane's.

Capt. Wat. All the world admires her.

George. Happy woman! You attended her to the play last night.

Capt. Wat. I did so; and by the way did you hear of the fracas I got into with a quarrelsome fellow in the lobby?

George. Not I; but what is that when you've so fine a lady in your charge? A quarrel is the luckiest thing in life, sets off your gallantry, makes her the talk of the town, and you the happy favourite of the fair whom you defend.

Capt.

Capt. Wat. If I thought it would do that with the lady I had the honour to defend, O George, how I happy should I be.

George. No more upon this subject if you please.

Capt. Wat. Well, I have done.

George. You certainly do not know the state of my feelings, or you would not sport with them as you do.

Capt. Wat. Say no more brother, I have done.

George. I don't wish to be told of the charms of Lady Jane: no man can keep the affections of a woman, whose charms all other men are praising: I want no idol for the world to worship.

Capt. Wat. Few men in love have your philosophy.

George. I'm not in love; with beauty at least I'm not in love; a sympathizing tender friend is what I want: my health is gone; was Lady Jane design'd by nature to nurse a bed-ridden cripple?

Enter JONES.

Jones. Lady Jane Danvers is at the door, and desires to know if you are dispos'd to accompany her to Hyde-park this morning.

George. Impossible! Tell Lady Jane I am not able to stir out of my chair: go, tell her so. *[Exit Jones.]*

Capt. Wat. Come, come, don't alarm her with such a message; jump up and tell her so yourself.

George. Sir, I am at this instant so totally bereft of all my faculties, that I do not think I cou'd rise from this seat, if the room were in flames.

Capt. Wat. Alas! poor George, then I must leave you, for positively I must see Lady Jane.

George. Hold, Sir! I bar that interview. *[Starting up.]*

Capt. Wat. Astonishing! Are you in your senses?

George. Perhaps not; but I have so much reason left, as serves me to discover what this meeting leads to.

Capt. Wat. Then you must have an intuition supernatural—in the mean while you have found your legs, and yet the house is not on fire. I give you joy of your recovery.

Enter JONES.

Jones. Lady Jane Danvers is coming up the stairs, Sir!

[Exit.]

George. This is too glaring—too barefac'd.

Enter

Enter LADY JANE.

Lady Jane. What is the matter? For the love of heaven, Mr. Waterland, tell me what has happen'd to you; are you wounded—are you hurt? I understood from your servant, you was not able to stir. [*He retires and sits down.*]

No answer; what is the meaning of all this? Can you explain it to me.

Capt. Wat. Not I; he seems very irritable.

Lady Jane. Have you had any difference—what has ruffled him?

Capt. Wat. I know not; but if you please I will leave you together: I rather think I am unwelcome.

Lady Jane. Don't leave the house; I have something to say to you about last night's affair. [*Exit Capt. Wat.*]

George. [*rising and advancing*] Right, madam, 'tis but justice to reward the gallant champion, who turns out in the defence of beauty.

Lady Jane. You know the story then it seems.

George. All the town knows it, or will know it, when so fair a lady is the object of a quarrel in a public theatre, and her hero gains such honor and such favor by defending her.

Lady Jane. And do you from your knowledge of the lady, think that Harry's gallantry last night advanc'd him in her favor?

George. I'm sure it did, and think such favor cheaply purchas'd at the risk of my life.

Lady Jane. You do?

George. By heaven I do: I never own'd a drop of blood, that I would not have shed in her defence; but when I find myself thrown off at distance from all hope, and see those eyes bestow their smiles on him, whose slightest glance would penetrate my heart—'tis torture, 'tis distraction: I am lost.

Lady Jane. Why this it is then that destroys your health; these are your sufferings, this is your distemper.

George. This and none else—Go, madam, go to my happy brother; bear him the beauteous prize he fought for, but tell him, when I yield you up——

Lady Jane. Me, me! yield me to Harry Waterland?
Hold

Hold there, my friend, I have not given my consent to that, and he'll not thank you for the compliment.

George. What do you mean? Of whom but you have I been speaking?

Lady Jane. If you have heard the story you must know Lætitia Rayner was the beauteous prize for which your brother fought.

George. He did not tell me that—And you believ'd that I was suffering all these agonies for Lætitia—Oh, Lady Jane, am I so little known to you?

Lady Jane. Oh! Mr. Waterland, am I so totally unknown to you—jealous of your brother?—Fie for shame!

George. I can't deny it:—circumstances stagger'd me; Harry is a fine fellow; his gaiety amuses you, my dullness damps your spirits.

Lady Jane. To say the truth, since you took this freak of jealousy into your head, you have not been the liveliest company in the world;—but now let us go to this formidable rival of your's, who is dying to hear some news of Lætitia; and if whispering in a corner raises your bile, depend upon it we shall give you enough to colour your complexion before long.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes.

An Apartment in Diana Grampus's House.

DIANA GRAMPUS, LÆTITIA RAYNER.

Diana. What was this affair that happen'd at the play last night with Lady Jane Danvers and you? Tell me what it was without any prevarication or disguise.

Lætitia. There is no occasion for any, madam. A drunken fellow in the lobby, as we were passing to our coach, was insolent, and the gentleman, who had charge of Lady Jane, corrected him: I believe it is no uncommon case.

Diana. Was he insolent to Lady Jane, or to you?

Lætitia. I confess it was to me, madam.

Diana. And who was the gentlemen that corrected this offender?

Lætitia. Captain Waterland.

D

Diana.

Diana. I guess'd as much; the younger brother of her ladyship's enamorado; a proper champion truly to take up your quarrels, and spread your name about the town as the protegee of a young rake in the guards, who is first to fight for you, and then graft pretensions upon his gallantry.

Lætitia. I don't believe Captain Waterland's character warrants any such interpretation.

Diana. You don't believe!—Miss Lætitia Rayner, of the discreet age of eighteen, and heiress to a great fortune, does not believe that Captain Waterland, a young officer in the guards, and heir to no fortune at all, has any other motive for standing forth in her defence, but merely to shew his valor and protect the friend of Lady Jane Danvers:—now then we are at issue—here is Miss Lætitia's opinion on one side, and her aunt's on the other.—Let the world decide between us!

Lætitia. Pardon me, madam, I never presume to oppose my opinion to your's.

Diana. Then if mine's to prevail, it will be that you never again are seen of Lady Jane's party to a play; and that you never admit the visit of Captain Waterland in this house, or meet him in any other.

Lætitia. Your first command I certainly can obey; your second I may innocently transgress.

Diana. Left that should happen, I shall require of you to deny yourself the supreme felicity of visiting Lady Jane.

Lætitia. Very well, madam; it must be as you please.
[exit.]

Sir TOBY GRAMPUS, and Squire ROBERT.

Sir Toby. Oh! my dear, dear sister— [salutes her.]

Diana. You are welcome to town, brother.

Toby. I'm charm'd to see you; and how have you been this many a long day? Why, you look vastly well, grown quite plump, and protest it becomes you. Bob, make your reverence to your aunt.

Squire. Reverend aunt, how goes it with you?

Diana. So! here is room indeed for amendment, brother: the Graces will have work enough on their hands before
before

before they can mould this clay into courtesy. I am afraid my friend Robert is as mere a bumpkin as ever.

Toby. I hope not,—I hope not. I have done my best for him; taken this long journey purposely to consult you how to proceed in his education.

Diana. I never heard he had any education.

Toby. His mother to be sure did keep him too much at home; but then t'was all repaid to us in his morals; there we gain'd every thing.

Diana. His morals, indeed! Take my word for it the morals of Monmouthshire won't keep long in the atmosphere of London.

Toby. Well, Bob, why so silent?

Squire. I'm on the safe side for that, father.

Diana. Why you are not the worse company for it at present, nephew Robert; when you come home from your travels, you will have something to tell us worth our hearing.

Squire. Yes, most travellers have.

Diana. I have made it my business, brother, to seek out a proper Governor to accompany him on his tour: a learned person of my acquaintance, himself a travell'd man, has recommended a young gentleman of talents by the name of Crotchet; I have not seen him, but from his friend's report I augur well of his qualifications,

Toby. I hope to goodness he is not one of your prim pedantic chaps, that are only fit to chop logic, and cap verses.

Diana. Quite the reverse; diametrically opposite to that character, he describes him to be gay, facetious, easy and well-bred; a man in short of the world, who rather strives to hide his learning, than make a parade of it: Mr. Fulsome tells me that I should not find out in a twelvemonth's acquaintance with him, that he understood one word of Greek or Latin.

Squire. I am sure I should not.

Toby. Young?

Diana. A youth, but manly, discreet, and strictly moral.

Toby. Of a good family?

Diana. Very antient, but decay'd: of the Crotchets of Cornwall, a Saxon family, long antecedent to the Norman Conquest.

Toby. He'll do, he'll do; he's the very man that will do.

Squire. Pray, aunt, did you ask if he can found the French horn?

Diana. The French horn, child! why do you ask that?

Squire. Because father says I am to go up the river Nile, and the French horn sounds well upon a water party.

Diana. The river Nile indeed! The river Tiber will be the boundary of your peregrinations: in Rome you will contemplate the venerable remains of antient magnificence; there you will tread on classic ground, and repose yourself on the bosoms of the arts and the muses.

Squire. Oh! charming. I shall sleep most deliciously.

Diana. There, whilst you perambulate the celebrated Pantheon.

Squire. I thought it was burnt down, aunt.

Diana. Pooh!

Toby. I protest to you, sister Di, I was in the same error with son Bob.

Diana. You were indeed, and in error you will both remain:—Like father, like son; very suitably adapted to the latitude of Monmouthshire, but most lamentably unqualified to breathe the pure æther of Italy.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Fulsome to wait upon you, madam.

Diana. Is there a gentleman with him, a young gentleman?

Ser. There is, madam.

Diana. Shew them up.

(Exit Ser.)

Sir Toby, I must request that you will delegate this conference to me without any interruption on your part, which can only puzzle and impede the negotiation.

FULSOME introducing JACK CROTCHET.

FULSOME, JACK, Sir TOBY, SQUIRE ROBERT, DIANA.

Ful. Most incomparable lady, I have the honour with profound respect to present to you my friend Mr. Crotchet, who is ambitious to prove himself worthy of being considered as your protegee, and most devoted servant.

Diana. Mr. Fulsome, I can truly assure you that there is no person in the whole circle of the literati, under whose auspices a new acquaintance can come so recommended to

me, as when presented by your hand, and back'd by your testimony.

Ful. Your approbation, Madam, is fame, and your patronage fortune.

Jack. Zooks ! I shall never keep pace with this.

Toby. Do you mind this, Bob ? this is true breeding—
listen, my good boy, and learn.

[apart to Squire Robert.]

Squire. Look, father, look ! that fellow's back is made of whalebone : Shall I ever make such a bow as my tutor does ? not I to the Pope of Rome himself. Egad, he must lift up his toe pretty high, if I am to kiss it.

Toby. Hold your tongue and observe your aunt ; the Pope's a ninny to her ; she carries it bravely : 'Fore George, she's an honour to the name of Grampus.

Diana. I understand your delicacy, Mr. Crotchet. By referring me to your friend you avoid self flattery : it impresses me in your favor.—I love humility.

Jack. I persuade myself you do, and let me hope you will permit humility at all due distance to love you.

Diana. Oh, Sir ! sentiments so elegantly couch'd must ever be pleasing—Here is your pupil, if you can inspire him with your address.

Jack. How long has he been in your society, Madam ?

Diana. A few minutes only ; he's but now arriv'd.

Jack. Then there is some hope : had he been a single day in your company unreform'd of his rusticity, I should have despair'd of rendering him any service.

Diana. I give you joy, brother ; I flatter myself we are in a right train,

[apart to Sir Toby in a whisper.]

Jack. Will it do Fulsome ?

Ful. Admirably ; you have hook'd her. Go on and prosper.

Jack. Never fear me.

Diana. I am told you are a perfect master of the learned languages.

Jack. I am so far master of them that I keep them at a proper distance : There is nothing I so much abhor as bringing them into the company of the ladies.

Diana. They'll furnish many pleasing meditations when you are upon classic ground.

Jack.

Jack. Very possibly, at present I've no call for them.

Diana. Permit me to ask which of the Roman poets is your favorite?

Jack. Oh! the vengeance.—Which of the Roman poets do I prefer? really there are so many of them that I am rather puzzled to say which is best, but I think, take him for all in all, Elzevir is the fairest type.

Diana. Elzevir! I apprehend he was no poet:

Ful. True, Madam, but he was a printer of the poets, and my friend thought you was enquiring which edition he prefers. Horace I know is his poet; he and I have many amicable disputes about our respective favorites, Horace and Virgil.

Jack. Yes, yes, but we won't dispute about them now.

Toby. What a vast fund of learning my sister Di is posselt of.

Squire. Do you think it does her any good, father?

Diana. I have a slight acquaintance with the Latin tongue; Mr. Crotchet will greatly oblige me if he will repeat an ode of Horace—any one you like best, Sir, they are equal to me; I have no preference.

Jack. Nor I, Heaven knows! Fulsome, help me off.

Ful. Now Crotchet, I stand a fair chance of my penalty, and if you spout one line of Latin in this lady's company, before Heaven I'll exact it.

Diana. What do you mean by that, may I ask?

Ful. Only that he is bound to me, Madam, in the penalty of an hundred pounds if he talks Latin in the ladies company. 'Twas a trick he had when he came fresh from college, and so to break him of it altogether, I laid him under this forfeiture; Now as I think he can hardly resist your commands, I stand fair for my hundred pounds.

Diana. On no account will I permit it; I withdraw the Ode of Horace, and think that if there was a trace of pedantry in your friend's character, you cou'd not take a better method for curing a bad habit. And now, Mr. Crotchet, let me introduce you to Sir Toby Grampus and my nephew.

Toby. Learned Sir, I'm your very humble servant. I understand you are of an ancient house in Cornwall; I respect antiquity of family; The Grampus's are not mushrooms, they

they did not spring up in a day. Bob, make your bow to Mr. Crotchet.

Squire. Give me your hand—If you and I are to be friends and cronies, the sooner we get rid of ceremony the better. I am overjoyed to hear you are bound not to talk Latin.

Jack. To the ladies, remember. 'To the learned Dons in Italy, Latin or Greek, or what they like best: It's all one to me.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. A gentleman at the door wishes to speak a word in private to Mr. Fulsome upon particular business.

Ful. Madam, I ask a thousand pardons for such a freedom: I don't know what gentleman can have particular business with me. Did he give you his name?

Ser. No, Sir.

Diana. No apologies, Mr. Fulsome.—Shew the gentleman into the parlour. *[exit Servant.]*

Come we will adjourn to the library; I must shew Mr. Crotchet my collection.

(Fulsome follows the Servant.)

(The rest go out together.)

SCENE changes to a Parlour.

FULSOME, CAPT. WATERLAND.

Capt. Wat. Is your name Fulsome, Sir.

Ful. My name is Fulsome.

Capt. Wat. And is this your ticket?

Ful. This is my ticket—My name is upon it, and my place of abode.

Capt. Wat. Was you at the theatre, last night?

Ful. I was at no theatre: I am not in the habit of frequenting them.

Capt. Wat. I perceive I am betrayed into a mistake: You certainly are not the person who delivered this ticket to me in the lobby last night in consequence of a little fracas. If you know any person likely to have made free with your name in that way, I shou'd be glad you wou'd direct me to him.

Ful. Upon my word it is impossible for me to say where
I may

I may have dropt a ticket of this sort, or who may have found it. My acquaintance is pretty numerous, and as I guess the purport of your enquiry, I shou'd be loth to fix it upon any one in particular.

Capt. *Wat.* The person my affair was with is a young man, speaks quick, was fluster'd with liquor, and dress'd in a pale green frock with a scarlet work'd waistcoat.

Ful. I know no gentleman of my acquaintance, who answers to your description in dress or otherwise.

Capt. *Wat.* Sir, I am satisfied and ask pardon for the trouble I have given you.

Ful. Your most obedient. Oh! Jack, Jack, these tricks will blow you up at last.

[*Aside and Exit.*]

LÆTITIA *runs in and stops short.*

LÆTITIA, CAPT. WATERLAND.

Capt. *Wat.* Is it possible? May I believe my eyes? Miss Rayner!

Læt. Didn't you know I liv'd here with my aunt?

Capt. *Wat.* Not I, by Heavens! Have you recover'd your alarm?

Læt. Yes, yes, but there's no time for questions. I must not stay with you another minute: My aunt will not allow me to receive your visits.

Capt. *Wat.* May I not hope to meet you then at Lady Jane's?

Læt. Never; that house is interdicted also. Come, come begone!

Capt. *Wat.* Cannot I form some pretence for waiting upon you? You have taken my heart from me; am I not allow'd to follow it? My person is not known to your aunt.

Læt. Your name's enough.

Capt. *Wat.* I'll forswear it for the sight of you. I'll turn to any shape, name, character or condition but to look upon you.

Læt. In the first place then, stifle your affair of last night; let us hear no more of that idle quarrel. If it gets wind, I am undone. Promise me this.

Capt. *Wat.* By all that's beautiful!

(*Kisses her hand.*)

Lætitia.

Læt. Stop Lady Jane from coming hither : Tell her the interdict that I am under. If you are going to her now perhaps you will hear of me—Fly !

Capt. Wat. I do fly from all that is lovely under Heaven,

Læt. To Lady Jane's.

Capt. Wat. To Lady Jane's. Farewell !

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

A Room in Lady Jane's House.

LADY JANE, CAPT. WATERLAND.

Lady Jane. Not to keep you longer on the tenters, I have something to communicate to you ; an epistle enigmatic, deep, mysterious ; yet without the wit of *Œdipus* you may make shift to unriddle it ; the writer we'll suppose to be a certain young lady, whom Captain Waterland has no chance for visiting without a stratagem. I'll read it to you.

Capt. Wat. Oh Heavens ! I'm all impatience.

Lady Jane. Oh Heavens ! I do not doubt it.

(Reads the Letter.

“ My aunt has been closely occupied with chusing a
“ tutor for my cousin Robert : I have only caught a
“ glimpse of him, but I am persuaded he is the very
“ fellow who annoy'd us at the play .—

Capt. Wat. The devil he is——

Lady Jane. Do keep the devil down and listen—

“ He is in high favour and has undertaken to provide a
“ fencing master for his pupil ; if your friend Cap-
“ tain Waterland knows any professor of the noble
“ science, that he wou'd wish to introduce into my
“ aunt's house, he may easily contrive to take the re-
“ commendation out of this fellow's hands by ma-
E naging

“ naging his secret, and if the fencer is a real master
 “ of his art and is nimble in his attack, I shall not
 “ be sorry to be present at a lecture.”

Capt. Wat. Oh! ye loves and graces, all the wits of all the world, never compounded any thing one half so exquisite. Dear, dear, adorable Lady Jane, what a celestial friend you are! I'll run home this instant, dress myself in character, take my foils under my arm, post away to aunt Di, send for my Box-Lobby Challenger, make him swear I'm the best master living, or ring off his ears close to his head and baulk the pillory of its prey.

(Exeunt severally.)

SCENE a Street.

CROTCHET and THEODOSIA meeting JACK.

CROTCHET, THEODOSIA, JACK.

Crotch. How now, Jack! Well met. Dosey and I were coming to your friend Fulsome's to enquire after you.

Jack. Were you so, were you so? Hope you've had a pleasant walk.

Crotch. Is that all you have to say to us?

Jack. No, 'tis not all—Hope you'll have a pleasant walk back again, for I'm not at Fulsome's.

Crotch. I see you are not.—But how goes your affair at the Grampus's? Tell us that, lad; for we are impatient to hear about it: Will it do, will it do?

Jack. Taste it; take a pinch! I believe it will do better than the mundungus you get in Dyot-street. Treat your nostrils with a sniff.

(Offering his Box.)

Crotch. Are you mad? Is this your way of answering my enquiries?

Jack. Can't stop to talk with you in the streets—can't upon my soul! Gentlemen of my acquaintance will be passing by, and what shall I say if they should ask me who that old don was in the snuff-coloured drab, black stockings and flaxen bob? Cou'dn't stand their raillery, cou'd not by all that's elegant.

Crotch. By my soul this fellow's impudence puts me down.

Theod. Law! Jacky, what a flashy box you've got.

Jack. Do you like it? So do I—Safe's the word; if
 any

any rascal was to pilfer this, 'twou'd be more than a pillory job, let me tell you.

Crotch. Rascal, reprobate, miscreant! Is this behaviour to your father? Whose money is it but mine that clothes that back of thine, which I hope some cudgell will belabour? Whose industry but mine supports you in the world? whose interest but mine procur'd this situation for you; which you now, graceless upstart as you are, make a plea for putting on the man of fashion and turning your back upon your parents and benefactors?

Jack. Keep your temper, and I have something to say to you in the way of business—You shall print my Journal.

Crotch. Print your dying speech and confession, that's what I'll do for you willingly.

Jack. You shall print my Journal; brush up your press, get a new type, work off your sheets clean, and you shall print my tour. I have made a progress in it already; I am half way up Mount *Ætna*; in a day or two I look to be upon the edge of the crater.

Crotch. I wou'd you was in the very centre of it.

Capt. WATERLAND after taking a view of JACK unseen, runs in and lays hold of him.

Capt. *Wat.* Have I jump'd upon you at last?—My Box-lobby friend, as I take it—the very man by all that's lucky. Come, Sir, you and I have an affair to settle.

Crotch. I'm glad of it, I'm glad of it with all my heart. 'Tis a judgement on you, Sirrah.

Jack. I don't know you, Sir; I don't know any business you have with me. I never was in the box-lobby in my life.

Crotch. Oh monstrous liar! Don't let him out of your hands, Sir! He is the very man; I am his father to my sorrow, and I tell you he is they ver man.

Theod. For shame, Mr. Crotchet, you let your revenge go too far.

Capt. *Wat.* What do you say for yourself? Your own father witnesses against you. Come, turn out.

Jack. Let me choose my weapons then—I'll take one of these and you shall take the other.

Capt. *Wat.* No, Sir, these are the implements of my profession;

profession; these I keep for my scholars; I have a sword at your service.

Jack. A thousand thanks to you; but permit me to observe you was an army officer last night, this morning you are a fencing master; under favor which do you chuse to be?

Capt. Wat. Either, or both: why do you ask?

Jack. Because if you teach the sword as a professor, I'm off, 'tis no battle; if you draw as a soldier, I beg your pardon, 'tis no quarrel.

Capt. Wat. Well, Sir, I have a rod over your head you are not aware of: the lady you affronted last night, is niece to your patroness Mrs. Diana Grampus.

Jack. Oh! my curst stars!

Crotch. There, there! I told you how it would be.

Jack. Hold your tongue: let the gentleman proceed.

Capt. Wat. You have no possible way to escape, being disgraced in that quarter, but by recommending me to your pupil as a teacher of the small sword.—Here are my credentials: make your choice! If I am a fencing master, these weapons have no point; if I am an officer, my sword is through your body.

Jack. Then you are a fencing-master, and shall be a fencing-master as long as you please, and the best that ever took foil in hand; whoever says to the contrary is a puppy and a scoundrel; and I take upon me to say you shall teach my pupil as little, or as much of your art as you like.—As I flatter myself you have no designs upon old Di, if there is any thing I can serve you in with the rest of the family, I am your everlasting friend, and most devoted humble servant till death.

Capt. Wat. I have no plot upon old Di, so far I promise; more I'll impart to you as we walk to the house. *(exit)*

Jack. By bye! light upon my legs you see—best friends in life—call upon you some evening when the streets are empty—pleasant walk to you, *(exit.)*

Crotch. If fortune carries this fellow through, she certainly must do it to put honesty out of countenance.

[Exit Mr. Crotch. and Theod.]

SCENE Diana Grampus's House—an Apartment,

DIANA, SQUIRE ROBERT.

Diana. I must have some talk with you, nephew Robert;

bert ; you have no objection I should hope to take a little wholesome advice.

Squire. None at all ; I can swallow physic if it were to do me good.

Diana. You are now stepping upon the great stage of life ; you must begin to exercise, not your limbs only, but your mental faculties ; your understanding also by the help of proper tutors and preceptors. It is a sad thing you know to be the dunce of the company.

Squire. I mostly keep at home with father, and when both are alike, one can't complain of t'other.

Diana. There's a shrewd truth in that remark :—You read I hope ?

Squire. No, I never read, I'm like father for that.

Diana. Nor hear others read to you ?

Squire. Never.

Diana. How should you get instruction else ?

Squire. I ponder a pretty deal.

Diana. What can you ponder upon ?

Squire. All good matters ; nothing else.

Diana. Well, that's not amiss ; and indeed your father says you are a very orderly moral young man.

Squire. Remarkably so.

Diana. You don't fall in with the vices of the time ?

Squire. Can't endure to hear of 'em.

Diana. Never drink, nor swear, nor use bad words.

Squire. Never, never.

Diana. Nor quarrel.

Squire. Never quarrel, but I love fighting ; there can be no harm in that you know, for the best man never fails to win the battle.

Diana. Why you are a bit of a casuist, Robert ; there is some ingenuity in your apology. There is one thing however above all I would guard you against in this wicked town.

Squire. What is that, pray ?

Diana. The company of naughty women.

Squire. Oh ! aunt, how it shocks me to hear you ! As if I'd go to—Oh fie ! that ever such a wicked thought should come into your head :—Well, if ever I could have believed that my aunt Di :—What would Mr. Crotchet say

say if he heard you talk of naughty women? My goodness, how he does rave about you!

Diana. About me! Tell me what he said about me.

Squire. Oh! such things—dear heart, how angry you would be if I were to tell you all!

Diana. Nay, but tell me all; tell me what he says.

Squire. He says—let me see—he says, “he could sit the whole day long and hear you talk”—not about naughty women I should think—“that he would rather be your servant and wait upon you, than my master with my father’s fortune at command”—that’s not so civil to me you know:—in short, he says, “you are an angel.”

Diana. Does he say that?

Squire. Yes he does, and more than that; but I must not repeat it to you, for it’s a paugh word.

Diana. I can’t believe it, therefore let me have it, whatever it is.

Squire. Well then, he says, “He had rather take you in your smock.”

Diana. Ah! frightful—he did’nt say smock; I’m sure he did not say that.

Squire. Why then, if it was not smock, it was shift; I won’t swear which:—but hush! here he comes; don’t blab now, dear aunt!

Enter JACK.

Jack. Do I intrude? Dismiss me if I’m troublesome.

Diana. That can hardly be; Robert and I have been moralizing upon the times. You are the pilot to steer him through the rocks and shoals; I have only pointed out on the chart where they lie.

Jack. ’Tis a dangerous channel; I have navigated it with care, know the buoys and bearings, and have sounded every inch of it.

Diana. So young and yet so sage? I should be curious to know by what happy management you got this perfect knowledge of the dangers without buying your experience at the usual price.

Jack. By never being the dupe of what the world calls love; there is all my art. Love is the one fatal rock on which most adventurers split; By properly estimating what it ought to be, I have never suffered by what it is: I hold
it

it for a sublime, a sacred passion; I reserve myself for something more than mere frail mortality; the woman that captivates me, must have a strong trait of the angelic in her.

Squire. Mark that, aunt Di, he'll fit you with a pair of wings.

Jack. The sighs of vapours, the languishings of those irrationals, who call themselves lovers, have been my jest and ridicule.

Squire. Have you never been in love in your life then? Come, be honest.

Jack. You should have ask'd me that awhile ago; the question now is out of time.

Squire. Egad, you're a deep one. [aside.]

Jack. It might favor of vanity were I to say how easily I carry all attacks: Indeed they know me now well enough to know they wou'd but lose their labour: Rank they are convinced cannot flatter me, riches cannot bribe, a pretty face makes no impression, and a simpleton disgusts me: In short, after weathering the storm upon the high seas, it is my fate to be shipwreckt in the harbour.

Squire. I rather think 'twill be your fate to get into the harbour and moor close along side of the hulk. [aside.]

Enter LÆTITIA.

Lætitia. Pray, aunt Di, may'nt I see cousin Robert fight with the fencing master? They have nobs upon their swords, so they cannot hurt each other.

Diana. What are you talking of, child, about fighting and fencing masters?

Jack. I can explain it to you. I have got a fencing master for my pupil, one that I have known for many years and can recommend; not a foreign puppy, but a solid, quiet, unpretending man: I always look to the principles as well as to the performances of a teacher.

Squire. Oh! if you have got a fighting master, let him come on; I am his man at that sport; cudgells, quarter-staff, or what he will. Cousin Lætitia, I hope you'll be of the party. Aunt Di, you won't say nay—

Diana. 'Tis not quite a lady's amusement methinks, but if you desire it, Lætitia, you may go with your cousin. The eye of the fair may animate the clown.

[A Servant

[*A Servant delivers a Card to Lætitia.*]

Lætitia. A card to me!—"Captain Waterland presents his compliments to Miss Rayner and will be happy to hear she has not suffered from her alarm last night."—Pooh! tell the servant it requires no answer.—Is that right aunt?

Diana. Perfectly right, and the only answer it deserves; I am pleased to see you follow my advice.

Lætitia. I am very happy that you approve of me.—Come, cousin Robert, don't let us keep the fighting man any longer waiting. I dare say, aunt; you wonder at my taste, for I know you can't bear such fights; you always hide your eyes when they fight on the stage.

Diana. I do so, my dear, I do so: My nerves are extremely delicate; every body in their own way.

Lætitia. Very true, and yet you see I have no design to be a soldier's wife.]

[*Takes her Cousin's arm and exits.*]

DIANA, JACK CROTCHET.

Diana. I believe, Mr. Crotchet, your attendance may be disposed with, to form the manners, not to teach the exercises is your task, and no light one let me tell you.

Jack. Whilst I am cheer'd with your support I feel it light; when that is lost, I must sink under it.

Diana. That you will never lose; his clownishness I fear is too inveterate.

Jack. Stubborn enough, I dare say, but I apprehend more trouble to myself in preventing new habits than in getting rid of old ones. I have discover'd some symptoms already that are rather alarming.

Diana. What do you allude to in particular?

Jack. Principally in his manner towards the ladies; he has a way of deporting himself in the company of young women, which I am sure you would not approve of.

Diana. As how I pray? explain it to me, that I may assist in the correction of it.

Jack. I hardly know how to explain it by words, but if I might take the liberty of shewing you what I mean by imitation, I cou'd make myself understood.

Diana. By all means; actions of this sort can be no otherwise described.

Jack.

Jack. In the first place then—when a handsome woman falls in his way, instead of regarding her with a look, such as I now address to you, modest, respectful, unimpassion'd; on the contrary he stops, stares, rivets his eyes on her's in the eager manner, as for example's sake I do on your's; and looks as he would look her through.

Diana. Oh Heavens! can he look so?

Jack. Now that you know is not proper and decorous.—

Diana. There's a very sensible difference between one look and the other as you rightly exemplify. But surely in your case the copy far outgoes the original; his eyes have no expression, your's are all on fire.

Jack. 'Twas caught from what they look'd on: there was a sympathetic glance went to my heart. We must not practise that again; I shall offend.

Diana. And I shall pardon;—pray proceed.

Jack. So, so! the old touch wood has caught fire.—Then again, if he is to take a lady's hand for the purpose of conducting her out of the room, or to her carriage, we'll say—ought it not to be touched lightly, delicately, devoutly, in this fashion with one hand; and not seiz'd violently with both in this warm impetuous manner, as if he was going to hurry her into a post chaise for an elopement?

Diana. Just so; I feel what you mean exactly—and then his boisterous mode of saluting—

Jack. That I did not see, how was that?

Diana. In the country custom, with both arms round my neck and a loud smack upon my cheek.

Jack. What! thus for instance—

Diana. No, no; worse than that.

Jack. Oh horrible! what, quite as bad as this?

Diana. Yes, quite as bad. He must be broke of that.

Jack. And so must I, or perish at your feet, unless you pity and forgive.—Oh! thou first only idol my soul 'ere worshipt; from this moment I renounce your nephew; never will I be exiled from your sight; tho' hopeless to obtain what I adore; never will I travel over one inch of ground with that young clown; honor compels me to declare to you I never meant to do it; nay more, it obliges me to confess that I am an impostor.

Diana. An impostor!

F

Jack

Jack. Yes, loveliest of women, for your sake I am an impostor, falsely pretending to stoop my proud spirit to the servile office of tutoring a dunce, when my ambition was to approach a divinity, whom I had hitherto only admired at a distance. This was the deceit I practis'd, and know that one, who carries up his pedigree to centuries above the conquest, never will descend to barter independence for an office, scarcely above menial: Here then it expires; from your hands I received it, at your feet I surrender it.

Diana. Not at my feet; it melts my heart to see a man so noble, so disinterested, so worthy all my tenderest sentiments, in that submissive posture. (*raises him.*)

Jack. Ah! madam, it would melt your heart, did you know all my story—born to better hopes, educated by the most indulgent parents with the fondest care; son of a father, whose public spirit drew him forth into the post of danger, and after raising him above the heads of his admiring countrymen, exposed him, as it were, upon a scaffold, to the taunts and malice of his unrelenting enemies—I cannot bear to name particulars; my tongue shrinks back with horror; vice triumph'd, virtue bled; his manly spirit, still unbroken, stem'd the rage of mobs; he fac'd his foes and fell—The best of parents fell—I can no more.—I think the pillory owes me a good turn for that pangenyrick. (*aside.*)

Diana. Ah, Sir, you have a friend that shares in all your sorrows—How sweet is filial piety! how touching, how endearing are those tears!

Jack. Oh! let me vent them on your sympathising bosom! here let me lie and breathe my last, expiring with excess of love amidst a paradise of sweets.

Diana. I cannot stand this tenderness; it banishes reserve—Tell me in one word—Are you sincere?—

Jack. Is truth itself to be believ'd?

Diana. Faithful and secret?

Jack. Faithful as the pole-star, secret as the center.

Diana. Then take this ring—with it I pledge my heart, my hand—

Jack. Stop there, I ask no more; you must not name your fortune; my soul disdains the sordid lures of interest.

Diana.

Diana. Then be it as you wish ; I'll not contaminate your purity of sentiment with worldly offers—we'll only talk of love.

Jack. Egad ! I am a little sorry for that though—I have gone too far—(*aside.*) Come, I was too susceptible ; say what was in your thoughts : love will be lord of every hour ; to worldly matters we'll devote but minutes—May I procure the license ?

Diana. Heavens ! how you set my heart a throbbing !

Jack. Pretty flutterer ! busy anxious thing ! throbbing with generous zeal to lavish all on me.

Diana. I give myself ; the rest is trash, and, as you rightly say, what a soul like your's disdains.

Jack. I wish I had not thought about my soul at that moment. (*aside.*)

Diana. You must be hush't in this matter as death itself ; you see this girl *Lætitia*, she's my ward, and a rich heiress : I had a wish to marry her to my nephew,

Jack. 'Twill never do ; you'll never bring her to endure a clown.

Diana. I own it does not promise.

Jack. It is not in your nature to force her affections ; so generous in your own, you cannot be so rigid over her's. Give her the man she likes, provided he's a gentleman.

Diana. And let her marry first.

Jack. Humph ! is that necessary ?

Diana. 'Twill be decorous at least, seeing I am her guardian : But come, step to the library with me ; there we shall be more private ; our conference here is liable to observation.

[*Exit.*

Jack. *Victoria* ! I have won the fleece, and in faith it is a warm one.

[*Exit.*

SCENE changes.

Squire ROBERT stript to his waistcoat, his coat hung upon a frame, at which he is pushing with his foil. Captain WATERLAND and LÆTITIA in conversation apart.

Squire. Aha ! there I had you—Oho ! there I hit you.—How many more times must I pink this fellow in the turnip-colour'd doublet ? Methinks he looks as if he had enough of it. What say you, Lætitia ? Is your lecture pretty well over ? If all mine are to be like this, which will make the quickest progress, you or I ?

Lætitia. Oh ! thou art a dear good natur'd soul, and I shall love thee for this the longest hour I have to live.

Squire. You love indeed ! All your love is bespoke, and what you can spare to me, will be no more than cousinly kindness. Now may I be further, if I can guess for the heart of me what you two can have found to say to each other all this while—jabber, jabber, without one moment's ceasing. When I make love, it's at a word—will you ? says I—Nay, says she ; let it alone, quoth I, go hang ! there's an end of the matter.

Lætitia. But perhaps I did not answer in that way.

Squire. I believe not in faith ; you don't look as if you cou'd say nay to your lover ; but what then ? One way is as short as t'other. If you know one another's mind, what need of more words ? I may fence to the day of Jerusalem ; one hit is as good as an hundred, if it does but take place in the heart.

Capt. Wat. May I perish, Squire, if you are not this moment in all England the very best fellow breathing.

Squire. I won't say that ; all England's a wide place ; but what then ? I am a good fellow, I know that well enough : Never make no speeches to me ; I'm downright, and afore the wind. They think I can't see the length of my nose, but I can spy more than they are aware of. Why, as if I didn't smoke old Di and the Doctor overhead ; 'tis all the same game on that floor as you are playing

ing on this, and I dare say it holds through from the kitchen to the garret.

Lætitia. Why, you are a wit, cousin Bob.

Squire. A wit am I? And if you was a wit too, how cou'd you help it? I'll tell you another thing, that perhaps you think I hadn't sense to find out—Old D^r wants to put you and me together—Lord help you, that wou'd never do. What shou'd I make of all that frippery in the country? every hedge stake would have a pluck at it: No, no; I must have a tight truss'd thing, brac'd like a pudding-bag; a kind of road-tit, that can go over rough ground; those galloping fetlocks of your's wou'd hang cruelly in the soil; mercy on me, you'd be pull'd all to pieces, and done up in one season.

Lætitia. Well then, Robert, you and I will part by consent, and live good friends asunder for the rest of our lives. You shall have your Monmouthshire milk-maid of the true poney stamp, and I will take my chance upon the smooth turf, which you seem to think is what I'm fittest for. Hush! here comes Mr. Crotchet—

Enter JACK CROTCHET.

Jack. My dear friends, I snatch a moment to whisper one word in your ear.

Capt. Wat. Speak out; we are all in confidence,

Jack. This it is; if I augur rightly, you will not long have any occasion to bring your foils with you when you visit in this family, if I am not cross'd in my endeavours, a certain gentleman, who sent his card of compliments not long ago, will very soon be permitted to make his visit in person. Ask not by what means this is brought about; believe only that where I profess a friendship, it is not for a small matter that I will break my world.

Capt. Wat. I dare say you are a man of honour, Mr. Crotchet, and I shall act with you as such.

Jack. Trust me only, and you shall never be deceiv'd: you too, my worthy pupil, you shall confess I am your friend; and as for you, Miss Rayner, if you do not very shortly find yourself set free from all restrictions, say I am no Prophet.—This gentleman I would advise to beat his march immediately, and that his person may not be notic'd by the servants, I will let him out of the door.

Capt.

Capt. *Wat.* I'll be gone this moment. Farewell !

Jack. Where shall I wait upon you ? I must have a few minutes with you in private.

Capt. *Wat.* Here is my direction :—Hold though ! Let me be sure I've given you the right ticket : these cards you know are liable to be mistaken. That's between you and me.

Jack. Well, well, it's all fair: I deserve that ; but errors excepted, you know is a salvo for all accounts, be they ever so honest.

(Capt. *Wat.* and Jack go one way ;
Lætitia and the Squire another.)

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

Lady JANE, and Capt. WATERLAND.

Lady *Jane.* Well, Harry, what success with your fencing-master ?

Capt. *Wat.* Beyond my hopes :—I fenc'd my way into the house ; parried all difficulties, disarm'd aunt Di ; laid the Box-lobby champion at my feet, and I flatter myself plac'd a gentle hit or two on the soft heart of my lovely *Lætitia*.

Lady *Jane.* But was it a hit, a palpable hit, as Ostrick says ? If so, I pronounce that *the Lord Hamlet shall win*.

Capt. *Wat.* I will if I can, for in faith it will be a prize worth fighting for ; I am all over wounds from head to heart, tho' she has only play'd her small artillery on me yet. I have a notable good second in cousin Bob, the young Grampus, and plenty of fair promises from the box-lobby quarter, but these I cannot swear for. Time will shew.

[George Waterland looks in.]

George. May I come in ?

Lady *Jane.* No, to be sure.

George. Your door says yes, for it is most invitingly open.

Lady

Lady Jane. Whose fault was that, Harry, your's or mine?

Capt. Wat. I scorn to make gentlemen jealous; it ruins the complexion; gives them a disorder in their eyes, and takes away the use of their limbs. I have seen very bad effects from it:—A friend of mine was so totally crippled by a fit of jealousy, that he cou'd not rise from his seat if the room had been in flames.

George. Then I'll venture to say he was most thoroughly in love.

Lady Jane. And probably with some good-for-nothing jilt, who was not worth the pains that he bestowed upon her.

George. Why should the fault be her's? The man perhaps thought humbly of himself, and trembled at the chance of her discovering superior merit in a rival. Now if you had such a lover as this, Lady Jane, could you be very angry with him?

Lady Jane. Outrageously, and I would torment him most deliciously.

George. Cou'd you find in your heart to do that?

Lady Jane. Oh yes, I have no mercy upon jealousy.

George. And how wou'd you set about punishing him?

Lady Jane. Why, I wou'd lay out for some such idle stray fellow as Harry here for instance, whom no woman in her senses can be serious about; and none but such a chit as Lætitia cou'd be taken in by.

Capt. Wat. Do you hear her, brother George, do you hear her? If this does not prove that I am uppermost in her thoughts, what can prove it? And why does she abuse poor dear Lætitia, but because she can't endure to see me like any body but herself?

George. How come you then to trust your cause to an advocate so suspicious? Had'nt you better employ me, who am certainly interested to dispose of you? Send me to the lady of your heart, and let me plead in your behalf.

Capt. Wat. I bar that experiment.

Lady Jane. And I also.

Capt. Wat. Let me have no unmarried elder brother my counsel with Lætitia.

Lady Jane. And let not the man whom I wou'd attach, come within the sphere of her fascinating eyes.

George.

George. Be just to yourself Lady Jane, and you can never be suspicious of me.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Miss Rayner to wait upon your ladyship.

Lady Jane. Very well; shew Miss Rayner up.

[Exit Servant.]

Come, come, gentlemen, I shall not let you stay here: go into that room, and wait till I come to you:—no wry faces Harry, but be gone.

[Exit George and Capt. Waterland.]

LÆTITIA, LADY JANE.

Lady Jane. My dear Lætitia!

Lætitia. My dearest Lady Jane, aunt Di is grown so good humour'd, I have leave to come to you.

Lady Jane. I am glad to see you have surviv'd your alarm at the theatre; but you will soon be able to fight your own battles, as I understand you are taking lectures in the noble science of defence.

Lætitia. Oh yes, I have an admirable master; he takes great pains with me.

Lady Jane. And you improve I dare say to his wishes; no doubt he is very fond of his disciple.

Lætitia. He flatters me by telling me so—And shall I believe him, Lady Jane? You have experience of the family, and can tell me if sincerity runs in the blood of them.

Lady Jane. There is, indeed, one of the *firme*, as the traders call it, whom I have had some transactions with, and find him a fair-dealing honest man: There is good property in the partnership, and I fancy you may trust the house: But what says your aunt to it? I rather suspect she wishes you to give your custom to her nephew.

Lætitia. Perhaps so, but his stock is small, and of a fashion that does not suit my taste; I am releas'd from that engagement, and she won't over-rule me in any other.

Lady Jane. Then suffer me to recommend a friend of mine, who waits with a throbbing heart behind that door, impatient to throw himself at your feet.

Lætitia. What do you mean? you startle me.

Lady Jane. Not much, I hope—

Goes

[Goes into the room, and returns, presenting
Captain Waterland.

'Tis only your poor fencing-master.

[Exit Lady Jane.

CAPT. WATERLAND, LÆTITIA.

Lætitia. You take me by surprize---so great a master of his art shou'd scorn to attack a feeble fencer unprepared I shou'd have time at least to guard my heart.

Capt. Wat. I only come to fall before your feet, and beg for life.

Lætitia. Rise, rise, if you expect me to converse with you; I'll not listen to any thing you say upon your knees. If Lady Jane is always to keep you in her cabinet ready to fall forth, and fasten on a harmless creature, who is decoyed into her snare, have you the conscience to expect I will humour your vanity by repeating these visits? especially when my aunt has taken off the interdict, and opens her doors to Captain Waterland in common with every other man of fashion, who has a claim to visit her.

Capt. Wat. And may I visit her?

Lætitia. Why not?

Capt. Wat. But do you wish it?

Lætitia. What an insidious question!

Capt. Wat. I was excluded personally; what can have softened her heart?

Lætitia. Love, mollifying love. Our playhouse quarrel has been productive of wonderful events; one party is on the point of carrying off the aunt, and I dare say you think the other is in no bad train for carrying off the niece.

Capt. Wat. Alas! how very far am I from such presumptuous hopes, when all I sue for is not to be condemned to absolute despair?

Lætitia. Poor man! you have an advocate in Lady Jane; go to her, tell her how little she consults your interest by her absence; confess how very ill you manage your own cause, and how totally you despair of ever softening my hard heart without her help.

Capt. Wat. Not whilst that lovely smile encourages my hope will I resort to any advocate for help: With nothing else to recommend me but a heart and soul devoted to

G

you

you I throw myself upon your generosity without appeal, and by your sentence I will stand or fall.

Lætitia. But I'm not in the humour to pass sentence upon you just now ; therefore we'll break up the court and go to Lady Jane.

Capt. Wat. Will you be gone so soon ?

Lætitia. Why not, since now there are no obstructions to our meeting ; and if I was not sincere enough to own how welcome you will be to me, you wou'd be too sagacious not to discover that I play'd the hypocrite.

Capt. Wat. Then I am blest indeed : That confession has inspir'd me with such transports, that I dare not give them utterance, yet know not how to suppress them.

Lætitia. Then I'll teach you what to do with them—When a subject is too interesting, I drive it from my thoughts ; when a lover is too agreeable, I run away from him—follow my example—but hold, hold !---Don't run the same way.

Capt. Wat. Can I help it ? My heart is in your chains, and I must follow.

Lætitia. Oh ! you simple man, this is making bad worse ; fly to the other door, if you mean to escape !

Capt. Wat. You wou'd despise me if I did.

Lætitia. Well, perhaps I shou'd---so come along with me to Lady Jane.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes:

DIANA GRAMPUS's House.

JACK CROTCHET is discovered reading a parchment;

DIANA standing by.

Diana. Well, have you read it over ?

Jack. I have.

Diana. Do you approve what it contains ?

Jack. Your word had been as good.

Diana. My word indeed might well have pass'd 'twixt you and me, but when relations, who are interested to keep me single, beset me with their importunity, this deed will be my answer. The obligation there to marry you
under

under the penalty of ten thousand pounds, will silence all opposers, and when they see, that with your free consent I've made my nephew Robert heir-to all my property, one poor annuity excepted of four hundred pounds a year to you at my decease, what can they do but own your conduct truly generous and disinterested?

Jack. Madam, I have my faults like other men; you'll hear of them from many mouths that will open against me; you'll find them out yourself, but amongst them all, you never will discover me to be an interested, sordid, sneaking fellow.

Diana. I'll pledge my life you are not.

Jack. No, hang it, that's a character I hold in sovereign contempt. Covetousness has not even the credit of being the vice of a gentleman.

Diana. I dare be sworn you have no vice at all.

Jack. Don't risque that oath; you wou'd not like me half so well if I was all milk and honey. I hope you also have a little of the acid, how shall we else keep up the nuptial appetite unpall'd?

Diana. Come, come, you ramble.

Jack. I have a little turn for that to be sure, but then I'm always merry when I come home, and that makes up for every thing. The best thing I can say for myself is, that no man bears chiding with a better grace; tell me of my faults over and over again, rate and rattle at me ever so often, I am still the same, it makes no change in me.

Diana. Mr. Crotchet, are you serious? Your stile is really so new to me, so very much unlike what you held in our first conversations, that you alarm me most exceedingly: Tell me what you are aiming at by this kind of discourse?

Jack. To let you into my character, and get a peep at your's: We have pass'd the stage of love, and there's no longer any call upon us to deceive each other.

Diana. Then I will tell you, Sir, that my character is that, which will neither put up with an insolent lover nor a libertine husband.

Jack. Right, nor can I bear a tame, civil, submissive wife; give me a woman of spirit; let her tongue be heard in the house: I love the high notes of the female voice, 'tis music to my ears—so now, my lovely dear betroth'd,

adieu ! I'll take the sacred scroll, that makes us one, and treasure it as your gift.—So ! this is done, firm as the law can bind.

[puts it up and exit.]

DIANA.

Diana. I'm petrified ! I stand aghast at what I've done. He's chang'd, transform'd ; no longer like the man he was—no warmth, no gratitude, no fondness—not so much as a look—I thought to have seen him kneeling at my feet, gazing upon me with uplifted doating eyes, then starting up with rapture on the sudden and enfolding me in his arms.—Oh Heavens ! what ails me ? am I alter'd ? am I less pleasing, less alluring than I was ? Now, brother, what's the news with you ?

Enter Sir TOBY GRAMPUS.

Sir TOBY GRAMPUS, DIANA.

Sir Toby. Damnable bad news for some of us—a famous kettle of fish you have made of it, sister Di, with this Jack Crotchet as they call him.—He a proper person to be pilot to a Grampus ; zooks ! he is not fit to be the porter of a Scuttlefish.

Diana. What are you talking of ? What are you bawling about ? You make me mad, you turn my brain to hear your uncouth, unintelligible jargon. Speak English, if you've any thing to tell me, and let me understand you.

Sir Toby. Shou'd you understand me better then if I was to speak Welch ? What the plague and the pestilence to boot ! I must talk such language as I have. What is it you would be at ? Am I not going to tell, if you had but patience ?

Diana. Patience !—

Sir Toby. Why aye, there is not one of my name but myself that knows what patience means. You are a true Grampus, sister Di, let me tell you, every inch a Grampus.

Diana. Will you give me what you have to say in one word, or will you not ?

Sir Toby. I cannot for the soul of me give it you in one word, but I can tell you in much fewer words than
such

such a rascal deserves, that your fine fashionable fop of a tutor, your Jack Crotchet, is a pick-pocketly impostor, and instead of being the son of William the Conqueror, and the Devil knows who, is the spawn of a pillory-printer.

Diana. You have kill'd me. Call my servants, give me hartshorn, or I shall faint.

Sir Toby. What the vengeance should you faint for? I've more need of hartshorn, who have beat the hoof after him till I am as weary as a hound—There I went up a crinkum-crankum, cutthroatly-alley out of Holborn, (hold there, it was not Holborn, it was St. Giles's) and what should I see in a shop window but a book of travels thro' Italy and the Lord knows where, by Joseph Fulsome Esquire. Oho! thought I, here's a book for Bob—so I cast my eye upon the board, and there I read in dirty capitals—JOHN CROTCHET, PRINTER.

Diana. Why need you be so tedious, so circumstantial? Was this John Crotchet father to my Mr. Crotchet?

Sir Toby. To be sure he was; he told me so himself; I bought the book of him, his name is to the receipt: I went a few doors further; I turn'd into a barber's shop, (the best place you know for news) and there enquired the character of Master Crotchet—"It's a rule with me," said the shaver, "never to speak ill of my neighbours, especially of one who is my customer, but all the world knows neighbour Crotchet was pilloried, so there's no scandal in that."

Diana. Stop your tongue, blundering, boisterous, unfeeling man as you are!—

Sir Toby. Heyday! what devil drives now?

Diana. Don't you see the condition I'm in?

Sir Toby. What condition are you in? by your talk I should guess you have been a little in the sun, as the saying is.

Diana. In the sun! say rather in the shade.—Oh! that eternal night would fall upon this fatal hour, and shade it from my fight for ever! I am ruin'd and undone.

Sir Toby. The Deuce you are! Hush it up, hush it up again, for the love of mercy.—If you and pillory Jack have been——

Diana. Worse, worse—I've married him.

Sir Toby.

Sir *Toby*. What ! that's a settler, that's a knock-down blow. Good night to you ! when you've thrown the stocking, truss yourself up in the garter. You'll have a notable batch of new relations.—The pillory for your father-in-law, the whipping-post and stocks for your cousins, the gibbet for your husband, and a jointure in Botany Bay for yourself. I give you joy of your bargain.

Diana. Stop there, the fatal noose is not yet tied.

Sir *Toby*. But it soon will, and when he has stretch'd the rope, you will be what they call a Tyburn widow.

Diana. I tell you I am not wedded ; I have but pledg'd my virgin vow.

Sir *Toby*. Then, good virgin, keep as you are ; you have weather'd it a good round time, ev'n hold out to the end, and set the flesh at defiance.

Diana. Cease your licentious talk and hear me :—I have given it on my bond to forfeit ten thousand pounds upon a breach of marriage, and he has the bond.

Sir *Toby*. Ten thousand devils fly away with it and him together.

Diana. That penalty excepted, all my property is settled hard and fast upon your son.

Sir *Toby*. Oh ! is it so ? Well, well, that's quite another case. Upon my soul, I'm afraid this alarm will be the death of you—you look vastly pale : Don't you feel as if you was a going to faint ? How it wou'd baulk the rascal if you was to go off suddenly !

Diana. Monster ! wou'd you murder me to get my estate ? Let him be what he will, he's not a sordid, sneaking, wordly-minded huncks :—He's only a rake, and I'll reform him ; he's only a young rantipole young libertine, and I'll marry him in despite of you all.

[Exit,

Sir TOBY.

Sir *Toby*. Hell and confusion ! she's only fit to be an Out-pensioner of Bedlam—Oh ! are you here ?

Enter Squire ROBERT.

SQUIRE ROBERT, SIR TOBY.

Sir *Toby*. Bob, Bob ! why Bob, I say !—How like a stock you stand ; do you know what has happen'd ? Have you

you heard the horrid news? Are you asleep, or drunk, or dead? D—n you, for a dunce, what are you a thinking of?

Squire. Nothing—Letting my understand rest—What are you talking of?

Sir Toby. Why, of your aunt Di, to be sure.—She's ruin'd, ravish'd, murder'd, married, and gone to the devil.—

Squire. Joy go with her.

Sir Toby. Married to your son of a bitch of a bear-leader.

Squire. Joy go with him then! He has an arm full of it. It's no news to me, father; I cou'd have told you this an age ago.

Sir Toby. Why did'nt you tell me, dunce, dolt? Then I might have stopt her in time.

Squire. You wou'd, wou'd you? You'll stop the Thames next, I warrant. Laud, laud! how you fust yourself about nothing.—Can't you let the old maid have her Crotchet, and say no more about it?

[*exit.*

SIR TOBY.

Sir Toby. Was ever such an animal as my son! I suppose if I had told him of her estate, he wou'dnt have car'd for that either. Well, well, after all there is something to comfort us.

[*exit.*

Old Crotchet's Office.

CROTCHET, THEODOSIA, FULSOME.

Ful. So this is the way you treat me after all I have done for you, not print my treatise upon education, unless I pay you ready money for the paper.

Crotch. Why should I give you my profit?

Ful. Why did I give you my interest with Di Grampus, and promote your son to an establishment, which your utmost ambition could not have aspir'd to?

Crotch. I had no ambition about it, never ask't it of you—never wished it; my son, as you call him, is no son of mine.

Theod. Don't say, that Mr. Crotchet, he is your own true son, and as like you as he can stare; and here he comes to prove

prove my words.—Lord love you, Jacky, how pleas'd I am to see you.

Enter JACK.

Jack. How do, how do; how is it with you, Master Fulsome?

Ful. Master Fulsome!—I don't quite relish your familiarities, Sir; some of them have not been altogether so agreeable. If you chuse to take a beating over night, am I to be call'd out for it next morning? Who was that gentleman you gave my ticket to?

Jack. Harry Waterland, a particular friend of mine; I could'nt do you more honour than lay you in to his acquaintance.

Ful. Confer no such honor upon me, if you have any regard for yourself; recollect you are in my power; a word of mine blasts you beyond redemption.

Jack. Nobody's word has a happier faculty of blasting I do confess; and if you have a fancy to try it upon me, and will run the risk of an airing in a blanket, you are heartily welcome.

Ful. I can bear this no longer; your insolence, and your father's ingratitude, shall meet a full reward; and you shall find to your sorrow, I can be as active an enemy, as I have been a friend. *(exit.)*

Theod. Ah, Jack, Jack, will you never be wise? As sure as can be that spiteful man will go and betray you.

Jack. Very likely: let him go—Here, mother, I've a present for you; I think you took a fancy to my snuff-box. I'll give it to you.

Theod. Will you indeed, my dear? Why that is very kind: look, husband, look what a fine present he has made me.

Crotch. You'll see it advertised in a day or two.

Jack. That's your opinion, is it? Keep yourself out of an advertisement as long, and you will do well. Cast your eye over this parchment, you'll find security for the snuff-box.

Theod. What is it, my dear? *[gives him the deed.]*

Jack. A trifle; some forty thousand pounds, with the incumbrance of a wife, or a neat ten with a clear acquittance: Now may I not set Fulsome at defiance?

Theod.

Theod. But is it true, Jack? Is it hard and fast?

Crotch. By the life of me, as firm as law can make it, what an unexpected stroke of fortune! 'Tis as if the sky rain'd gold:—how in the name of wonder did you persuade Di Grampus to this deed?

Jack. Dame Nature did the business; laid a train of combustibles in Diana's veins, and put the match in my hand that set fire to it.

Crotch. Now do I repent from my heart, that we provok'd that spiteful fellow Fulsome, who will play us some dog's trick in revenge, and perhaps break off the match.

Jack. But he won't break off this seal from the bond; and as for old Di, take my word for it she'll not pay forfeit, but start the race, and run it through even to the last.—Aha! my little novelist!

Enter LINDAMIRA.

Theod. Oh Lindamira, I've such news to tell you.—

Jack. Hush, mother, hold your tongue.

Theod. Such a piece of good fortune—your friend Jack is going to be married to Mrs. Diana Grampus with a monstrous fortune;—the wedding clothes are bought, the equipage bespoke, and there's the licence in Mr. Crotch's hand.

Crotch. How your wits gallop!

Linda. Impossible, I never will believe it.

Jack. What a confounded blab you are!

Theod. Oh! I must have burst if I had not told it to Lindamira; besides I knew it would make her happy.

Linda. There you are out of your guess. *[aside.*

Theod. Law, Lindy! what's the matter with you? you don't seem to rejoice with us.

Linda. The scene I have been employed upon, which is the catastrophe of my novel, dwells upon my mind; it is tragic in the deepest degree.—The faithless perjur'd lover after all his promises, forsakes the fond believing fair to wed with ugliness and age for fordid gold, and leaves her to expire with grief and disappointment.

Jack. Why will you write any thing so out of nature? no ladies die of grief.

Linda. And no gentlemen marry for money—that is your doctrine perhaps, but I am afraid examples of both are to be

H

found

found, and will be found again; but as the happy event is so near at hand, and you are engaged with parchments, I shall take my leave. [*exit.*]

Jack. You've done it, mother: there is more mischief in that romantic girl's head, and more wit to execute it, than in forty Fulsome's. Come, let us quit this public-room, and go up stairs; I've something to impart to you. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

A Room in Di Grampus's House,

SQUIRE ROBERT *meeting* JACK CROTCHET.

Squire. Fire and faggot! brother traveller, what a blaze have you lighted up in this house; there's old Di in such another taking—Zukers, how she does fume! A steam engine is a fool to her. Never trust me if I could'nt have tugg'd that Fulsome by the ears, for the spiteful pains the thief took to put you out of favour with her: but keep a good heart, my brave fellow; and remember when I have said the word, I have said it: I have given you my hand once, and here it is again: I am your friend,—blow hot, blow cold, I never budge; one and the same for ever, that's my mark.

Jack. Squire Robert, you are a man after my own heart. I were a dog if I could look you in the face after this kindness, had I not proof positive in my pocket that I struck no bargain with your aunt till she had settled her whole fortune upon you by the same article that she bound herself to marry me. There's a penalty of ten thousand pounds if she does not fulfil conditions; but if she flouts me because I am Jack Crotchet the printer's son, damme if I wou'd not be set in the pillory as my father was before me, rather than be tied up for life to a hyæna like her.

Squire.

Squire. Why that's honest—have you got it down in black and white?

Jack. Sign'd, seal'd, and witness'd—*ecce signum!* but here, you must take this bond.

Squire. I take it! What must I do with it?

Jack. Hold it safe, hard and fast; let nobody have it out of your hands; 'tis your own security: when I call for you to produce it, have it ready—that's all you have to do.

Squire. Never fear me—safe bind, safe find. There it is.—[*puts it up*]*—*Hollo! Stand fast—here comes the informer,

Enter FULSOME.

Jack. Hah! my friend Fulsome.

Ful. Hold there, I'm no friend of your's.

Jack. Yes, you are, and the best of friends. How kind is this visit: I am heartily glad to see you; pray be seated.

Ful. Vain, idle, thoughtless man, you are doing the honors of a house, that you will not be suffered to remain in five minutes longer.

Jack. You are merry, always merry and facetious: no man's company more acceptable than Mr. Fulsome's—fine address, ready genius, quick invention—only apt to enlarge a little in the recommendation of his friends.

Ful. I am very sorry that ever I did enlarge in your recommendation, Sir; but I have taken shame to myself, and put Mrs. Diana in possession of your real character.

Jack. I am glad of it, for then you disclos'd your own; all the world must applaud you for that amiable zeal, which never boggles at a good-natured lie, when it is to serve a friend.

Ful. A lie do you call it, Sir; a lie?

Jack. I beg your pardon—a transgression of the truth; a slip of memory; a trick of the traveller. Squire, let me present you to Mr. Fulsome, an author of high renown; this is the worthy gentleman, who told your aunt I was descended from an antient noble family, educated at the University, and deeply read in Greek and Latin: when all the world knows I am the son of a pillory printer, educated no where, and having learnt nothing:—if this gentleman is not a liar, who the deuce is?

Ful. If you call me a liar, Sir, I shall treat you worse than your Captain did.

H 2

Jack.

Jack. Captain Waterland was in the right, and I beg'd his pardon; now you are in the wrong, and I'm your man whenever you can find spirit enough to call upon me.

Squire. That's well said, and I'm your second.—So, now, Mr. Informer, name your weapons.

Ful. Weapons, Sir, weapons? I, I,—I don't fight duels—I accept no challenges; my pen is my weapon, and with that I know how to defend myself.

Squire. And stab your friend behind his back—that's your way of fighting, is it? then I have a great mind, firrah, you shall have a taste of my way of fighting.

Jack. Let him alone; put him peaceably out of the house.

Squire. Here, Joe!

Enter JOE.

Joe. Your honor!

Squire. Turn this poltroon peaceably out of the house, and break his neck quietly down the stairs—The fellow's an informer.

Joe. Oh, the villain! Get along, you ugly toad; be-gone!

Ful. Keep the peace! You shall hear of this be assur'd.

Squire. Damme! I'll have one kick before he goes.

[Exeunt all but Jack.]

JACK.

Jack. Lindamira as I live—Now we shall have heroic passion in prose run mad.

[Sits down to a table, and takes up a newspaper.]

LINDAMIRA, JACK CROTCHET.

Linda. Have I found you, base, perfidious monster? Tremble, wretch, at the effects of my revenge, and learn too late how dreadful to awake the rage of her, who lov'd and was betray'd. Do you not hear me? Do you not regard me? What is this feign'd insensibility? Cool, deliberate villain, quit this nonsense, and attend to me.

[Snatches the paper.]

Jack. Come, come, Lindamira, give me the paper; I was in the midst of a very interesting paragraph.

Linda.

Linda. I'll give you news, if that is what you thirst for, news to strike you dumb—you are ruin'd, and by me.

Jack. How so, my dear?

Linda. I've blasted all your hopes, drawn you in shades black as your own perfidy, and held the horrid likeness up before the eyes of your astonisht bride, that wou'd have been, but never will be now.

Jack. Oh! you've been with the lady up stairs, have you?

Linda. I have, and glory in a just revenge; I have inspir'd her bosom with the rage that boils in mine.

Jack. You have done admirably well for me, but very ill for yourself, Lindamira. If the angry dame declares off, she pays the penalty, and I have ten thousand pounds in my pocket to marry as I like.

Linda. How! what? She forfeits ten thousand pounds if she does not marry you?—

Jack. Exactly so, and you have put her in the very humour to pay the bond.

Linda. How then is that ill for myself if you are set free?

Jack. Because, my darling, I shou'd have laid it and your admirer at your lovely feet.

Linda. And what shou'd hinder you?

Jack. My conscience; Taking your word for truth, that I am a base perfidious monster, a cool deliberate villain, I really have not the face to approach so pure a being as you; your virtues awe me: I'll retire to some sequestered cell, there practice fasting and repentance, and every morning for a penance read my Lindamira's novel, till by frequent meditation on your beautiful descriptions, I fall in love with purling streams and flowery meads, and think no more of love and women.

Linda. Did you not deceive me, cruel man? Did you not use me basely? Answer that!

Jack. We were poor, Lindamira: You had only a novel for your fortune, and I nothing but my good spirits to support me: you wou'd not trust to my honor, but catching at the very first word blabb'd out by a silly gossip, started forth on your high horse of heroics, and meant to crush me at once in the true tragedy stile of blank verse
and

and revenge.---There's your answer, Lindamira; now, if you talk till to-morrow, I won't utter a syllable more.

[*sits down.*

Linda. Wretched, wretched Lindamira! undone by my own rash romantic folly. Oh! what had I to do with revenge? Detested passion, live only in a novel henceforward amongst the wealthy and the great, thou art not fit for common life, and common folks like me.

[*Exit.*

SIR TOBY GRAMPUS, JACK.

Sir Toby. Your humble servant, learned Sir, your very humble servant!--I found a certain printer in an obscure dirty lane, who writes John Crotchet on his shop-board, and boasts himself to be your honor'd father: I ask'd to be favor'd with a sight of his illustrious pedigree from the antient Saxons of the heptarchy, but he declar'd it was not in his power to furnish me with any lights into the records of his family farther than as he verily believ'd he had a father and mother, but even that, he said, was matter of faith, and not of certainty.

Jack. Sir Toby Grampus, we that cannot count up our generations have oftentimes the sense to outwit you, whose ancestors hang by the wall from Hildebrand, the great Grampus in King Arthur's day, down to little Toby the sprat, in good King George's, God bless him! One of your forefathers perhaps cou'd eat a whole venison pasty for his breakfast; another cou'd bend a kitchen-poker across his arm, a third might keep hawks and greyhounds; what are they but a catalogue of insignificants? One printer, one compositor, one poor corrector of the press, is worth them all, and his country gains more credit by his labors.

Toby. 'Fore George, my friend, I'm not sure but you are in the right of it; I know little of my forefathers, but that that they liv'd on the same spot for many generations, and left me a fair estate to follow the same practice--Sir, I begin to perceive you are a very clever fellow, and if sister Di is of the same opinion, I believe a little printer's ink mixt with our blood wou'd do the family no harm.

[*Exit.*

As

As JACK is going out DIANA enters.

DIANA, JACK.

Diana. Stop, Sir, a word with you if you please ! whither are you going so dress'd out ?

Jack. To pass an hour at Ranelagh, to beat the round in search of some kind humble girl, who will consent to take up with a printer's son, that has ten thousand pounds in his pocket, and an honest heart in his bosom. I find I am sentenc'd to dismissal from your favor.

Diana. Who tells you so ?—Hang the fellow how agreeable he is !

Jack. Those who told you how little I deserve you—Fulsome and Lindamira.

Diana. Can you refute their evidence ?

Jack. I shan't attempt it ; I rather think they have not told you half my faults and failings.

Diana. That's sincere, however.—He is really a fine figure.—Knowing yourself thus undeserving, as you say you are, why did you strive to make me like you ?

Jack. Because I lik'd you, I hope that's a natural reason.

Diana. Humph ! there's a strange mixture in your character, my friend, of good and bad, honesty and deceit, reason and rhodomontade.

Jack. Yes, Madam, I am an odd unsettled fellow, made up of contraries, and 'tis a mere chance which way the tide turns me : good sense and good humour in a wife wou'd guide me to happiness, a fool or a shrew wou'd shipwreck me and herself.—And now, Madam, with your permission I will take my leave ; having pleaded guilty, I anticipate your sentence.

Diana. Stop, Sir, perhaps my heart is not so hard as you suppose ; you said you lik'd me once ; is your mind alter'd since ?

Jack. I do not like your listening to informers : I cannot parry stabs behind my back. I ought to have been present.

Diana. Be present then ! put off your jaunt to Ranelagh ; I'll call my friends together, and you shall then be heard.

Jack. Agreed ! till then farewell.

[Exit
Diana.]

DIANA.

Diana. Well, go your ways, you are a dear, false, fascinating rogue, and I know not what to do with you or without you. [exit.]

SCENE—*Lady JANE DANVERS' House.*

LADY JANE, CAPT. WATERLAND, LÆTITIA.

Læt. Well, if ever I met with such a man in my life! Lady Jane, I'll be judged by you if I ought to believe one single word that he says, or rather that he swears for he does nothing else.

Lady Jane. Give him a short answer and send him away if he's troublesome.

Læt. And so I will; what business has he to be talking to me about love? I never gave him any encouragement.

Lady Jane. To be sure you did not. Your behaviour to him at the play, your letter about him to me, your treatment of him at your aunt's, all were clear proofs what you thought of him; but some men, and he is one, never will take an answer.

Capt. Wat. Oh thou sweet enchanting lovely creature! every sense is lost in rapture while I gaze upon thee.

Læt. There now he has lost his senses—do hold your tongue; I wont be talk'd to in this way; I protest I'll tell my aunt of you. Do you think I'll have any thing to say to a fencing master? I declare Lady Jane I'm in the humour to take your advice and give him his answer once for all.

Lady Jane. By all means, Lætitia; a quick riddance of a troublesome companion is the best.

Læt. Then I will do it—but first tell me, Sir, how long in honor and conscience, you expect to live after I have given you a preremptory refusal—Now mind what he'll say.

Capt. Wat. Not an hour, not a moment: it would be death upon the instant.

Læt. Look you there, now he's going to die, and fix the murder upon me; but I'll not have his life to answer for:—I'll not rob his friends of what they value, his country of what

what defends it, the world of what it admires, no, nor my own heart of what it loves and esteems—so there's my hand!—Now, dear Lady Jane, hold him down and don't let him be romping and rioting about in this boisterous manner, for I wont bear it.—Look, look, he's coming on.—Help, help—I'll raise the family—

[*He embraces her.*]

Lady Jane. There, there! I shall have a scandal brought upon my house.—

Enter GEORGE WATERLAND.

Oh! these lovers, these lovers; Mr. Waterland, what shall we do with them?

George. Copy their example, if I dare tell you what I wish.

Lady Jane. Fie upon you! do you hear him, Lætitia? They are both in a league against us, and we good natur'd simple souls have thrown away our game by playing into their hands.

Læt. We are too good to them by half; kindness does but spoil them. Oh! that I had studied the dear art of tormenting in good time.

Capt. Wat. Upon my life, George, these ladies do not do us justice, threat'ning us with the torture, when we have both behaved to admiration: Considering how much they have blest'd us, we ought at this moment to be gratefully out of our senses.

George. For my part I disclaim all responsibility, for I move but as the mistress of my soul directs; in her hand are all those springs, that give it joy or sorrow, health or sickness, life or death.

Lady Jane. Well, my dear Lætitia, I know not what else we can do but make a common cause and hold lovingly together as friends and sisters should.

Capt. Wat. As sisters, lovely Lætitia—do you mark that?

Læt. Certainly; I mark nothing else: The honor of calling Lady Jane my sister will be a consolation under all my sufferings. But first let me have a specimen of your dutiful behaviour to your aunt Di—I take upon me to in-

vite this good company into counsel upon the grand matter in immediate debate.

George. What is the question?

Læt. To wed, or not to wed,—that is the question—lose no time; for, as I take it, we are all just now in the cue to vote for the affirmative.

Lady Jane. Delicious! aunt Di struck by the arrows of blind Cupid, and our Box-lobby friend the happy man.—

Læt. Even so—

“The happy bridegroom he, and she the blooming bride.”

George. But shall we be welcome after all?

Læt. I'll engage for that.—Let us set off, we shall just fill the coach. [*exeunt*,

SCENE changes.

DIANA GRAMPUS *alone.*

Was ever woman so perplex'd, distracted and distressed? I cannot state a reason for rejecting this young man, but one starts up to reconcile me to him: no sooner do I lean to mercy, but my pride cries out for vengeance; if love pleads to marry him, prudence whispers me to let it alone: well, well, but what signifies her whisper, when love has all the talk to himself? I'll fairly put the pro's and con's for the last time, and let the strongest carry it.—He's a beggar: granted; that I knew from the first:—he's a low-born fellow, that I did not know, and that's a staggering circumstance—but who's to find it out? He's airy, gay, genteel, well-drest: what has the world to do with pedigrees?—He's ignorant, unlearn'd, uneducated—be it so! He's not pedantic, therefore not conceited, crabbed, a mere book-worm; won't dispute authorities with me, nor wrangle in theology and metaphysics, where the walk will be my own. He is, he is—hush, in short he is here, and all objections vanish.

Enter JACK.

JACK CROTCHET, DIANA GRAMPUS.

Jack. Most perfect of your sex—your criminal presents himself for judgement; try me with candour, but decide with justice. I pray call your Counsel into Court.

Enter GEORGE WATERLAND, Capt. WATERLAND, Lady JANE DANVERS, Sir TOBY GRAMPUS, 'SQUIRE ROBERT, and LÆTITIA.

Diana. Brother and nephew, and you, my dear Læti-

A COMEDY.

tia, and this your kind and noble friend, are welcome; these gentlemen also, your second selves, are welcome: they I know are parties, that can judge in cases of the heart; they are also honorable men, to whom I need not blush to make my weakness known, for I confess it is a weakness that has brought me into this dilemma, and constrained me to appeal to you my friends for counsel and advice.

George. Madam, we come with honest hearts to serve you; not with base design to expose and publish what we hear; we hold for sacred all that you confide to us.

Capt. Wat. Here is my pledge, and of your own bestowing; I were a wretch too base to breathe; cou'd I betray you.

Squire. And here am I, your nephew, more beholden to you than all; but when I see this man alone without a friend, I'll risque your anger, and turn over to the weakest side. Now come on as soon as you please.

George. By heavens! a noble fellow.

Toby. Bob, Bob! are you wise?

Squire. No, father, but I'm honest.

Diana. Now, Sir, be pleased to answer to a few plain questions:—you came into this family recommended to me as a gentleman every way qualified to direct the education of my nephew: I receiv'd you, approv'd of you, was pleas'd with you; your manners, your appearance, your address engag'd me; my partiality for you went great lengths; regarding you as the descendant of a noble family, I pitied you, nay more, with blushes I confess I lov'd you. Are you the well-born gentleman, that I was taught to believe you?

Jack. I am not.

Squire. That's an answer.

Diana. Are you the man of literature—the scholar?

Jack. Nothing less.

Squire. So far, so good.

Diana. What sort of education had you?

Jack. None: you took that on the word of Fulsome; let him appear and answer for himself.

Squire. He'll hardly do that; I kick'd him out of the house this morning.

Capt. Wat. Bravo! little Monmouthshire, I adore your spirit

Diana

Diana. You are the son of a printer.

Jack. I am; many respectable men are of that calling; I don't say my father is one of them, but such as he is, he shall appear: come in, if you please.

Enter Old CROTCHET.

Diana. Your name is Crotchet.

Crotch. John Crotchet is my name, and this is my son; if you have any commands in my way, I shall be proud to serve you: I believe that gentleman was in my shop this morning.

Toby. I was so; I purchas'd two books of you.

Crotch. Fulsome's Travels; I believe you never had more lies for your money.

Diana. We'll proceed, if you please—Did you not promise marriage to a certain girl nam'd Lindamira?

Jack. She told you so; I have been in search of her, but cannot find her.

Crotch. I don't know how you shou'd; for she has run off with that scoundrel Fulsome, both in my debt: It is not a first time I have suffer'd by that fellow: It is a printer's honour not to give up his principal, the rascal was the author of a libel, for which I stood the pelting.

Squire. Oh, that I had known it! I wou'd have given him t'other kick for that.

Jack. Now, madam, you have pretty nearly the sum total of my crimes: If every man was sifted so minutely, few wou'd escape uncensur'd. You favor'd me with your regards, and unsolicited propos'd to marry me on terms, that my conscience, bad as you may think me, revolted from: I stipulated for your rightful heir your nephew, accepting for myself a small annuity.

Toby. A very noble action let me tell you.

Jack. I influenc'd you to give your niece the freedom of her choice; you generously complied; a worthy gentleman has cause to bless you for the deed.

Capt. Wat. Oh Heavens! I must embrace this man.

Jack. I suffer'd you to force a bond upon me, by which you guarantee'd your marriage on the penalty of ten thousand pounds. I did not think you likely to incur the forfeiture, and therefore disregarded the amount: Now, Madam, though I am not worth a doit, I have a spirit, that
disdains

disdains to punish any lady, who repents of having lik'd me.—Your nephew has the bond—I never shall enforce it.

Crotch. The fellow's a fool.

Squire. Here, here it is, aunt Di. Now who says Jack Crotchet is not a noble fellow?

Diana. This act indeed is noble.

George. I must be known to him—Sir, give me leave to take you by the hand. Whilst I am living, you shall never want a friend.

Capt. Wat. You are the author of my happiness, my benefactor.

Jack. I hope that Lady can forgive my rudeness at the play.

Lat. I bless the hour we met.

Lady Jane. Madam, there is but one voice amongst us, and that to give you joy.

Toby. She'll marry him, I know she'll marry him. Come, come, a general reconciliation.

Squire. Aye, aye, you're all come over to my side at last.

Diana. I am convinc'd.—And now, if these fair brides will join their lovers hands as cordially as I do mine, Hymen will never welcome a more happy groupe.

Squire. They'll do't, they'll do't! huzza! we are all in the way to be married.

Lady Jane. With heart and hand I join.

[taking George's hand.

Lat. And I with hand and heart.

[taking Capt. Waterland's hand.

Jack. And I with both my hands, and all the hearts I have—A heart to honor you, a heart to serve you, and a heart to love you:—When you're sad I'll make you merry; when you're sick I'll make you well. With all my wordly possessions I endow you; with all my learning I celebrate you; with all my titles I enoble you.—One reserve only I keep to myself, gratitude for your favours, and zeal to merit the protection of this candid audience

END OF THE COMEDY.

E P I L O G U E.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, jun. Esq.

IN days of yore, when Knights were cas'd in mail,
Like lobsters in a shell, from head to tail ;
When sparring nobles, challeng'd to the lists,
Deem'd it ignoble e'er to spar with fists ;
Stout were their limbs, and sturdy were their blows ;
They met, were slain, or else they slew their foes :
In modern Challenges how heroes dwindle !
In arms thy're nothing—and in legs they're spindle !
And, ah ! how shocking to a Peer of old
Some pugilistic Noble to behold !
Who, when one brute his brother brute opposes,
Stands umpire of black eyes and bloody noses !
How wou'd the Champions, clad in iron suits,
Stare at *our* Champions in round hats and boots !
Stare, to see Jacky give his card to Bobby,
And 'Prentice challenge 'Prentice in the Lobby.
That such things are we witness ev'ry day,
When heroes quit the counter for the Play.
When Green-box Errants hurl the sharp retort,
Eager for fame, and hot with Beaufoy's port !
“ Who *are* you, Sir ? ” — “ Who am I ? — why I'm — Phoo ! ”
“ The world knows me, Sir, --- damme, who are you ? ”
“ Meet me to-morrow morning, in Hyde Park ” —
“ I'm Mr. Plumb, the Banker's, fifteenth Clerk. ” —
Oh ! may these warriors of the Desk and Quill
Pursue their petty broils and Challenge still ;
Of such contentions wholesome be the fruit !
And Duelling be brought to disrepute ;
May Englishman no Englishman oppose,
But wield his sword against *our common foes* !

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— *Usque adeo permiscuit imis*

Longus summa dies.

*Falso Liberatis vocabulum obtendi ab iis, qui privatim de-
generes, in publicum exitiis, nihil spei nisi per dis-
cordias habeant.*

LUCAN.

TAC. AN. b. XI.

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